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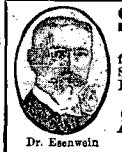

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1912.

The Week

There is no blinking the truth that the Ohio primary dealt President Taft yesterday the rudest blow he has yet received. To lose his own State after making such an unprecedented fight for it, is not only a bitter personal humiliation, it is such a damaging of his political prestige as would ordinarily be fatal. The popular majority for Roosevelt in Ohio appears to be more than 20,000. Taft will seemingly have no more than 10 out of the State's 48 delegates. There is no denying that this is a great defeat for the President. The vote was light, but he had as good an opportunity as his opponents to get a majority of it. Though the campaign began late and confused, the issues were made clear enough before it was over. And even if it be contended that the test was rough and unfair, the President submitted to it, he expressed the opinion that it would be conclusive—his words were: "The vote in Ohio, my home State, will be the decisive one and will settle the question of the nomination"—and now, having put it to the touch and lost, there is nothing to do but to accept the facts without any attempt to twist them.

Pity the poor candidate. Take the case of Gov. Wilson, for instance. It has long been stated *sub rosa* that the Catholic Church was wholly opposed to him because somewhere in his writings there was a tiny reflection, direct or indirect, upon either the Pope or the Church. Now, there comes to us from the South a copy of a Tom Watson broadside, which, we are informed, was widely circulated in Georgia prior to the recent primary. Lo, in this Woodrow Wilson appears as being a mere tool of the Catholic Church—Woodrow Wilson, a former president of Presbyterian Princeton! That he appointed an alleged Jesuit as his private secretary, is said to be a damning proof. But more than that, he has been deliberately and openly conspiring with the whole Catholic hierarchy. What could be plainer? Hence the appeal to all those who sympathize with A. P. A. methods to oppose Woodrow Wilson. Similarly, Mr. Taft is portrayed as merely putty in the hands of the priests, all because, at the behest of Roosevelt, he carried out the successful negotiations for the purchase of the Philippine friars' lands, while some other churches are still after him because he is a Unitarian.

Party lines are broken in the two Lorimer reports to the Senate. It is not as Republicans or Democrats that the majority and minority divide, but as those who take a narrow legalistic view of the case, and those who look at it in a broad, common-sense way. The majority report starts off by considering the matter as *res adjudicata*. The Senate has once affirmed Lorimer's title to his seat to be valid. That decision must not be reopened unless evidence be forthcoming which is not only "new" but "substantial." The majority denies that the long hearings have developed any such evidence. Upon this the minority report comments illuminatingly. It is true that no witness has been produced who saw Lorimer actually bribing. But the proof is overwhelming that at least ten members of the Illinois Legislature were bribed to vote for Lorimer. The details are not now traceable, but the total effect is undisputed. There was, as President Taft expressed it, a "mass and mess of corruption" connected with the election of Lorimer sufficient to taint it. All that remains for the Senate is to say whether its sense of smell is less acute than that of the country.

The spirit of picayune economy that led the House to cut off the appropriation of $94,000 for the work of the State Department in extending our foreign trade, should be rebuked in the Senate by restoration of the items cancelled. It would be interesting to hear any reason that could be offered for the proposed abolition of the new Bureau of Trade Relations, as also of the four Divisions of Latin-American, Far Eastern, Near Eastern, and European Affairs. These enlargements of the Department, and the reorganization that they have brought about in it, constitute nothing less than a modernization of it. There is no apparent reason for questioning the statement of responsible officers of the Department that "such legislation would put the United States in the rear rank of all governments in the matter of legitimate and effective support to worthy American enterprises and to foreign commerce, and would do all this at the very epoch in our history when our foreign relations and our foreign trade have become vastly more important than ever before and are plainly seen to be on the way to an importance which will be every year greater."

That the movement for international arbitration still has many difficulties to encounter was frankly recognized in President Butler's address last week at Lake Mohonk. At the time of the last meeting of the Conference one year ago, the signs were apparently pointing to a great step, if not indeed to a series of great steps, in the direction in which we seem so painfully crawling. Then came the tension between Germany and England, the outbreak of actual war between Italy and Turkey, and the lame and impotent conclusion to the consideration of the general arbitration treaties by the Senate. Dr. Butler's linking of national with international political sanity was especially timely. As he well said, all political progress "must depend upon trust in the better instincts of the people, and cannot rest upon their appetites and their passions, their envies and their animosities." Accustom a people to acting in their own politics in accordance with their prejudices rather than their reason, and how else can they be expected to act with reference to other nations? If this view appears somewhat discouraging as apparently increasing the difficulties already in the way of international good will, it is in reality heartening, since it means that every blow struck for decency and fair play in our relations abroad will react upon our politics at home, which are sadly in need of all the "uplift" that can be given them—and *vice-versa*.

The sudden shifting of the real political capital of Pennsylvania from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh is focussing attention upon leaders and conditions in the Smoky City. Much more has been heard

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of Flinn as the new Republican boss than of his associate, Mayor Magee, but Magee's power rests upon a much solider base than the popularity of a Presidential candidate. Roosevelt may rise or fall, dragging Flinn with him, but unless Pittsburgh turns Democratic, any aspirant for Republican leadership in the State must sooner or later "see" Magee. This fact is the sinister element in the outcome of the recent primaries, for the Pittsburgh Mayor makes no such professions of reform as does his colleague. With reference to any proposal, the question uppermost in his mind is: How will this affect Pittsburgh—and Magee? Observers are wondering how long the two men can work together. Interest in this is sharpened by a demand for the impeachment of three officials under Magee, and a crusade planned against vice in Pittsburgh. On the Democratic side, Guffey has been succeeded by leaders rather than bosses. If Pennsylvania voters really wish to rid themselves of boss rule, it looks as if they would have to resort once more to their final argument: the election of a Democratic Governor who practices what the Republican platform preaches.

In ratifying the agreement drawn up by their representatives in conference with the mine owners, the anthracite coal workers have done a service to themselves as well as the public. In deciding to stand by their leaders and by such acts as these leaders, acting within their authority, have subscribed to, the mine workers have given an example of discipline which augurs well for their future as a labor organization. On a smaller scale we have here a repetition of what happened in the convention of British miners called to decide upon the cessation of the strike after the passage of the minimum-wage bill. In that convention the sentiment against peace was probably in the majority, but the delegates had to face the fact that most of their leaders advocated peace, and they followed. If organized labor hopes to attain its ultimate aims, it must endeavor to make itself a disciplined army. A mob may gain a temporary advantage, but that is all. The repudiation of union leaders and duly formulated agreements which is so common in industrial disputes, can only militate against the best interests of labor.

Another important result of the Titanic disaster is the sending of the cruiser Birmingham to patrol the ice-fields south of the Grand Banks, to give warning by wireless of the position of icebergs, and to make a scientific study of this unprecedented ice-drift. It is safe to say that no captain will fail to give prompt heed to these messages. For this practical action the world is indebted primarily to the commercial organizations and some public-spirited citizens of New York city in laying the proposal before the Navy Department, which, much to its credit, has responded favorably to their representations. When such an international patrol of the danger zone shall have been accomplished, we shall see something comparable to the beating of swords into ploughshares, in the turning of instruments devised for the most terrible destruction into means of preventing loss of life and property.

Urban congestion is admittedly one of the most difficult problems arising out of immigration. Advocates of the restriction of immigration lay great stress on the point that not only was the immigration into this country before 1880 different in racial character from what it is now, but that the earlier immigrants passed through our ports of entry to distribute themselves over the wide and empty spaces of the West. The newer immigrants swarm in the cities. Hence any scheme that would further a more even geographical distribution of our alien population would serve the double purpose of relieving congestion in the East and testing at the same time the perennial plaint that comes out of the West regarding the scarcity of labor on the farms. To make this experiment the American Immigration and Distribution League was organized in this city last month. Among the chairmen of its various committees are the Governors of Delaware, Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia, and Wyoming.

In their recent primaries the people of Southern California rallied in overwhelming numbers to the support of the candidate whose platform is the defence of human rights against property rights. On Wednesday of last week the citizens of San Diego kidnapped a man from his room in a hotel, took him outside of the city limits, tarred and feathered and branded him, and made a half-hearted attempt to set him on fire. Apparently there are certain human beings whose human rights are not deserving of consideration in Southern California. Hence an act of unspeakable barbarity that makes entirely irrelevant the original issues at stake.

A telegram of Gen. U. S. Grant of great historical importance was put up at auction this week. It is dated at City Point, Virginia, October 12, 1864, is addressed to Gen. Sherman, and reads in part as follows:

> On reflection I think better of your proposition. It will be much better to go South than to be forced to come North. You will no doubt clean the country where you go of railroad tracks and supplies. I would also move every wagon, horse, mule, and hoof of stock, as well as the negroes. As far as arms can be supplied . . . I would put them in the hands of the negro men. Give them such organization as you can. They will be of some use.
>
> U. S. Grant, Lt.-Gen.

Now, the significance of this is that Gen. Sherman's commander deliberately ordered that policy of laying waste the country which Gen. Sherman followed in his march. For this policy of ruining the territory in which he operated, Gen. Sherman has ever since been severely criticised, partly because of the operations of the "bummers" who followed his troops. It is still the custom in many sections of the South to lay at his door any and all loss of property. What Sherman did on his march to the sea, Sheridan did in the Shenandoah, ravaging that wonderful granary from which Lee's armies drew so large a portion of their food each year until Sheridan made good his threat that a crow flying over it would have to carry his rations on his back. In Grant's telegram, cited above, we have the clearest proof that, after three and one-half years of warfare, he, too, had come to the conclusion that the most humane method of conducting war was so completely to impoverish and wreck the enemy's country as to make a long-drawn-out resistance impossible.

"Baby-Saving Show" is not the most dignified title that can be imagined, but it is the name that has been given to something that is expected to be a milestone in the advancement of Philadel-

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phia. All of next week there will be in the Quaker City a demonstration, by means of educational exhibits, lectures, and moving-pictures, of what can be done, and of what therefore ought to be done, to reduce infant mortality. Those who have made a study of the subject estimate that half of those who die can be saved. But this is only one side of the picture. The object of those who are promoting the Philadelphia exhibition is not merely to keep more children alive; it is no less the intention to make life worth more to them by seeing that they have a fair start.

There is one advantage about high prices: they swell the totals of statistics. Here, for instance, are the figures on our imports of luxuries for the nine months ending with March. If prices were lower, could we be sure of the satisfaction that goes with the breaking of records? For in many of the articles, and especially in the more important ones, the imports of this fiscal year will exceed in value those of any year previous. The whole amount is estimated at $200,000,000. Art works show an increase of 50 per cent. over the highest value reached heretofore; they will approximate $40,000,000 for the year. Much of this, presumably, is to be credited to the transfer of the Morgan treasures. But diamonds and other precious stones, although they will not break the records of 1907 and 1910, will probably exceed works of art in value. The largest item, however, is laces and embroideries, which are expected to go beyond diamonds by about $3,000,000. This is an increase of 50 per cent. during the decade. Tobacco and manufactures thereof will add up to more than $30,000,000, and we shall have received nine million dollars' worth of toys. If the larger European countries sent us as much in proportion as some of the smallest, our luxuries would swamp us. Switzerland supplies about one-third of the leading group of imports, the laces and embroideries, and Belgium and the Netherlands provide the bulk of our cut diamonds.

English Catholics are undoubtedly deriving a vast amount of quiet satisfaction out of the debates in the House of Commons over the Welsh Disestablishment bill. The cause of it all is Lloyd George's charge, flung forth more as a taunt than as an argument, that some of the men who are vehemently denouncing the disestablishment of the Church in Wales as spoliation, are now the owners and occupiers of lands seized from the Church at the time of the Reformation. Goaded to fury by the personal invective hurled at him by the Opposition, Lloyd George returned to the attack:

> What was the story of the pillage at the Reformation? They robbed the Catholic Church, they robbed the monasteries, they robbed the almshouses, they robbed the poor, and they robbed the dead. Then they come here, and when we try to recover some part of the pillage for the poor they accuse us of theft, these people whose hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege.

Catholic historians have always explained the Reformation as largely a movement on the part of the ruling classes to enrich themselves at the expense of the Church, in England as in Germany. But there must be few Catholic historians who have put the case as forcefully as the great representative of English Nonconformity did last week. If we remember, furthermore, that English Nonconformity regards itself as the true continuator of the Reformation as against the Catholicizing tendencies in the Established Church, there is a full measure of irony in the spectacle of the Chapel to-day trying to redress the wrongs done to the Church of Rome four hundred years ago.

If Thomas Carlyle had been alive to-day and preparing a new edition of "Sartor Resartus," he would have found excellent material for a foot-note in the story of the elderly gentleman in a sack-suit who was found dead in the streets of Hamburg and removed to the morgue:

> Often in my atrabiliar moods [says Carlyle], when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke This is presented by Archduke That, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries, are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly-off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep.

But what would Carlyle have said of Anointed Presence reduced to the anonymity of the cold marble slab and that ultimate garment, the common winding sheet, which wipes out all the differences and distinctions that all preceding Clothes create?

All Socialists are bad enough, but a clever Socialist is positively beyond the pale. What, for instance, could be worse than this utterance of the German Socialist, Philip Scheidemann, in commenting upon the recent threat of the Kaiser that he would incorporate Alsace-Lorraine into Prussia if it did not behave itself and do what he wished:

> We regard it as a momentous confession, when from a competent source incorporation into Prussia is threatened as the most severe punishment that can be inflicted upon a people—a punishment like imprisonment and the forfeiture of civil rights.

Now, instead of ignoring this remark the Chancellor played directly into the hands of Herr Scheidemann by walking out of the Reichstag together with the other members of the Government. Later, however, the Chancellor thought it wise to come back and defend the Kaiser, declaring that the Emperor was "naturally angry" at the recent conduct of Alsace-Lorraine, but that he had not meant to trespass upon the rights of the Bundesrath or the Reichstag, which alone have the power to revoke the Constitution of Alsace-Lorraine. It was only the other day that that Constitution was granted and hailed as proof that the captured provinces were now once more wholly German. But having autonomy, it likes to do things its own way; hence the Emperor's tactful remark, "I'll smash your Constitution to fragments."

A force of four thousand men, eager, anxious, and determined, has been reported by a Chinese newspaper to be marching upon Peking. The announcement has caused no alarm in the capital, however, because their only weapons are Chinese pens, ink-slabs, and such things, and they are seeking not lives, but offices. Reformers may think that the new Government will make short work of many of the sinecures maintained by the old, says the *Celestial Empire* of Shanghai, but it will do nothing of the kind, for the simple reason that it cannot. "For every needed man in China there are five at least to do the work." Supernumeraries are a part of the Chinese method of doing business.

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OUR ENSLAVED CITIZENSHIP.

In Ohio last Friday Theodore Roosevelt defined his principles and his platform in a single compact sentence: "I am for a representative government absolutely, so far as it represents, but when the representative government does not represent, then I want the people to have a chance themselves." Like so many other definitions from the same source, this sentence lends itself to at last two interpretations. Mr. Roosevelt may have meant that he favors representative government as a theory, but that the theory has broken down among us in practice, and must therefore be discarded. Or he may have meant that representative government should be retained where it functions well, but must be supplemented or replaced by the direct rule of the people where it fails to work well. The second interpretation, because it is the safest, is probably the one Mr. Roosevelt would give to his own words. But whichever meaning we lend to his formal statement of creed, it will be noticed that one thing is taken for granted in both—the existence of a free people in these United States. But this free people is caught in the wheels of our vicious political machinery. What "we progressives" are trying to do is to replace this system with a more efficient system of machinery which will neither deflect nor frustrate the will of this free agent, the American people.

But there are progressives who apparently conceive their task as much more thoroughgoing than a mere overhauling of the machinery of government. They see in vision not only a political, but a social, revolution. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, in the *American Magazine*, sums up the differences between conservatives and progressives as follows:

> Now the conservatives of to-day—Taft, Harmon, and others—are willing to tinker the tariff, and thus redistribute in small measure a few material benefits. But the proposal of the progressives goes deeper. They would let in as sharers of government, *with the business men and property owners who have so long dominated the country, an immense class of people further down in the scale, men who, though nominally voters, have in reality had nothing to say about their government.*

The italics are ours. But we would finish our quotation with a sentence from a preceding paragraph which Mr. Baker has himself italicized:

> *Every political revolution is caused by the effort of a new class of people to get into the democracy.*

We are here evidently speaking of a far different thing from what Mr. Roosevelt means when he speaks of the People. When Mr. Baker speaks of "an immense class of people further down in the scale," who are to wrest a share of power from "the business men and property owners who have so long dominated the country," he is evidently referring to what the Socialists describe as the proletariat, the great unpropertied classes, the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Mr. Roosevelt takes the People we all think of, millionaire and mill-hand, big business man and small business man, big farmer and small farmer. And he finds that all that is necessary is to free this People from the domination of the Bosses, and the will of the People will be done. But Mr. Baker feels that, after we are rid of the Bosses, there will remain the essential task of vindicating the rights of the factory worker and the farm hand against the business man, large and small, and the farmer, large and small. There is no way of getting around the fact—it is the "lower" classes against the "middle" class.

Which view is the dominant one among "we progressives," Mr. Roosevelt's view or Mr. Baker's, there is no means of ascertaining. But one thing is clear—the two are not reconcilable. Mr. Baker charges that the government is monopolized by those very classes—our American business men and property owners—whose cause Mr. Roosevelt has pleaded more than that of any other section of the community. What Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Baker have in common is that certain alterations in the political machinery will remedy existing wrongs; and in this matter Mr. Roosevelt holds much the better ground of the two. For the wrongs Mr. Baker has in mind are so deep-seated and so bound up with the entire economic structure of our society that to imagine them curable by a few political reforms is absurd. Just how have the propertied classes so deprived the proletariat of its proper share in the government? Surely, these millions and millions of farmers, manufacturers, shop-keepers, and professional men have not been actually buying up the Legislatures and the judges, as Big Business is supposed to do. Then it must mean that by class prestige alone, by their higher position in the economic scale, the property owners have managed to reduce the propertyless to the point where "they have in reality had nothing to say about the government." If middle-class prestige has hitherto induced the workingman to use his ballot on election day against his own interests, why should it fail to do the same on primary day?

Common to all the progressive schools is the assumption that there is a people that must be freed. Mr. Baker's People is enslaved by the propertied classes, and Mr. Roosevelt's is enslaved by the Bosses. The fact remains that there is an enslaved citizenship among us and that representative government furnishes the shackles that bind the serf. What is needed is a political revolution. Progressivism stands for the popular election of Senators; it does not matter that under representative government we have virtually attained the popular election of Senators. Progressivism stands for direct primaries: it does not matter that in virtually half a dozen years representative government has insured the triumph of the direct primary system. Progressivism stands for the commission form of government: in half a dozen years under the pall of representative government the commission form of government has spread over the country. No revolutions have been necessary to conquer these rights. People had only to make up their minds as to what they wanted, and representative government did not stand in the way of their getting it.

It is not an enslaved citizenship that we have had, but in the largest measure an independent people. A nation is not saved by machinery, though the machine may help. A resolute people will be free under representative government, and an indifferent people will be enslaved despite all primaries and referendums.

THE SUIT AGAINST THE "COFFEE TRUST."

Some novel and peculiarly interesting questions are involved in the suit, begun by the Federal Government on Saturday, against the agents of the much-discussed "coffee valorization" plan. Considered merely as an avowed attempt to hold up the price of coffee, in America as elsewhere, through buying up huge quantities and keeping them from the market, it can scarcely be regarded as anything but restraint of

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trade. That the price would have gone lower but for these forestalling operations, is not denied by the authors of the plan; it is even asserted as their original purpose. That the holding back from market of more than 10,000,000 bags of coffee, while the world's annual crop has ranged from 14,500,000 to 23,800,000 bags, has given the bankers' committee almost absolute control of the market, is an accepted fact in the coffee trade.

Furthermore, that the price of coffee has advanced at a rapid rate since 1906, when the operations of the bankers began, is fully admitted. The Government's petition sets forth that this advance has amounted to 100 per cent., and it is matter of public record that a minimum selling price for the coffee thus acquired was stipulated in the contract of the bankers. That the committee's practice is to sell their holdings only in such quantities that the price will not be affected by the sales, and that they "require an express contract from purchasers that they will not resell the coffee purchased, on the Coffee Exchange," the Government positively alleges. All this, if applied to a domestic industry, would appear to constitute a pretty clear case of violation of the Anti-Trust law.

The unusual aspect of the so-called "coffee valorization plan," however, is that it does not apply to a domestic product, and that the plan was initiated under the auspices and at the behest of a foreign Government. Brazil, which raises about three-fourths of the world's supply of coffee, produced in 1906 a crop larger by nearly 40 per cent. than in any previous year. The natural course of the market, in response to this prospect of an unprecedented increase in supplies, caused a commotion in Brazilian business circles much like the excitement which prevailed in our Southern States when last year's 16,000,000-bale cotton crop was being harvested. There was talk in Brazil in 1906, as there was at New Orleans in 1911, of the impending ruin of planters and growers. It resulted in legislation by the Brazilian state of Sao Paulo, subsequently followed by legislation on the part of the Brazilian Federal Government, which led to the contract with the bankers.

The Brazilian state borrowed $75,000,000 on its bonds from an international banking syndicate. With the proceeds of the loan, the Government bought great amounts of coffee from its own producers, and placed this coffee in the hands of a committee in which the Government, the international bankers, and certain foreign coffee merchants were represented. It stipulated with great precision, in that contract, how the coffee market should be handled in the sale of these holdings, and as security for its foreign loan it pledged the public credit, the coffee itself, and the proceeds of a Brazilian export tax on coffee—which tax was to increase after exports had passed a given total.

It will readily be seen, therefore, that some novel considerations enter into the present case. The contention of the syndicate, voiced by one of its members, Mr. Herman Sielcken of New York, in his testimony before the "Money Trust committee" last week, was that the whole operation was an affair of the Brazilian Government, with which our Government had no business to interfere. The Department of Justice, in its petition of Saturday, answers that acts and agreements in American trade, which are unlawful under our statutes, cannot be made lawful by the fact that they "were not unlawful in Brazil and were participated in by a foreign state." It points out that the United States consumes 40 per cent. of all the coffee used in the world, and insists that no approval or participation, on the part of a foreign state, can "serve as a protection to defendants as to any acts committed thereunder in the United States." The petition therefore asks that the entire valorization scheme, in so far as it affects our own interstate or foreign commerce, be declared illegal; that the syndicate be perpetually enjoined from holding its coffee accumulations off the market, or from selling with the condition that the purchaser shall not resell, and that a Federal receiver be appointed to take charge of the coffee holdings, under authority of the courts.

The situation created, or which may be created later on, is interesting and unusual. It is not clear, for instance, just how far even the granting of the Government petition would affect the "valorization plan," since only a part of the syndicate's coffee holdings are stored in this country. Nor is it easy to foresee in just what spirit the Brazilian Government will meet this action of our own Federal authorities towards the plan which Brazil itself devised. These considerations, it should be observed, do not affect the intrinsic merits of the valorization scheme itself. We have believed from the first that the project embodied thoroughly unsound finance, from the standpoint alike of the Brazilian Government and of the coffee market. It is one of the most dangerous applications which our time has witnessed of the attempt to meddle with the normal processes of trade through lavish use of credit.

THE COLOR LINE AT THE BAR.

In their efforts to drop from its membership the able and attractive Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, Mr. William H. Lewis, the officials of the American Bar Association are more and more shaming themselves and the body for which they speak. Mr. Lewis, it will be remembered, is a man of color, a graduate of Amherst and Harvard, for years in the Federal District Attorney's office in Boston, and now a trusted assistant of Mr. Wickersham. He was invited to join the Bar Association by a committee of its Boston members, urged to recruit its ranks. Had he not become conspicuous by reason of his appointment to office in Washington, he would to-day be peacefully a member of the Association. When opposition to his confirmation developed, somebody noticed that he was a member, and then the trouble began. The President of the Bar Association, Mr. Stephen S. Gregory, suddenly discovered that the Association was a social body, with whose pleasures at its annual convention Mr. Lewis might interfere, if he should happen to attend. He then set up the remarkable plea that Mr. Lewis was elected under false pretences, that is, "misapprehension," because there was not written all over his nomination papers the word "colored."

Of course, the Boston committee knew who Mr. Lewis was when they certified him to the executive committee for election as a desirable member. For six months he exercised his membership; then he was asked voluntarily to retire and give up something "obtained under a misapprehension." Indeed, it speedily appeared that he had actually committed a crime, for he was "insisting on retaining the advantages of an election thus obtained"—obtained by invitation of the Boston membership committee and duly ratified by the execu-

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tive committee. This, of course, added to the heinousness of the original offence of having a dark skin. The executive committee then revoked his election. What the Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, thought of this action appears from these his words:

> Now—six months later—an executive committee, one-third of whose membership has changed since Mr. Lewis was elected, without the faintest shadow of authority in the constitution or by-laws of the Association, assumes by its vote to cancel the election and to place Mr. Lewis's name on the list of persons proposed for membership. This action is taken at the instance of certain of your members who object to the membership of a colored man in the Association. There being nothing in the constitution or by-laws of the Association to limit its membership to white persons, they, nevertheless, arrogate to themselves the power to cancel a previous election had in conformity with the organic law of the Association, because the person so elected is not white, and to remit any discussion of the question to the next annual meeting of the Association next summer, meantime depriving Mr. Lewis of all rights as a member.

Truly an extraordinary action for a body which presumes in its membership to represent more than any other the majesty and dignity of the law; which assumes to enhance public respect for the profession and to resent with all its power lawlessness in every form!

In the course of their astounding and indefensible actions the officials of the Bar Association declared that this case was exceptional, as Mr. Lewis was the only colored man on its rolls. "No person whatever of another race has been elected to membership," wrote that amazing person, Mr. George Whitelock, the Secretary of the Association, who has recently been compelled to notify Mr. Wickersham that if that able gentleman continued to write him such vigorous (and, he might have added, unanswerable) letters, he should be obliged to refuse to acknowledge or reply to them. Then it promptly appeared that two other colored men, Butler Wilson of Boston and William R. Morris of Minneapolis, were members, and —horror of horrors—Mr. Wilson was actually a member of the local *entertainment* committee which welcomed the Association on its visit to Boston, while Mr. Morris has been a member for some years. That made a quandary for two such enlightened men as Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock, who had represented, with Alice-through-the-Looking Glass logic, that in the case of Mr. Lewis the executive committee made "no declaration . . . of ineligibility of colored men to membership in the Association, but only a recision of the particular election by the committee, which had occurred without knowledge on its part of the candidate's race—*regarded as a material consideration in electing!*" But Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock have grasped the bull by the horns; to prove that there is really no caste or color feeling in the Association, they have merely notified Messrs. Wilson and Morris that their cases will be brought before the executive committee, and that this notice is given them to "avoid any imputation of laches" and that they "may have an opportunity, should [they] so desire, of retiring from the Association before any action is taken, and without any publicity."

To this Mr. Morris has replied in a letter which should stir every lawyer who reads it to fresh protests against this deliberate degrading of the Bar Association, and would of itself, we are certain, insure the liveliest annual meeting which this body of lawyers has known, perhaps, in its history. Messrs. Gregory and Whitelock have already been deluged with protests from all over the United States. Men of standing in no wise connected with the legal profession have protested against this outrage. As one lawyer of national standing writes us:

> The issue having been made, there will be presented to an association of five thousand American lawyers the question whether they propose to go on record as excluding from their numbers members of their own profession, of approved character, both as individuals and as lawyers, on account of their color. I cannot doubt what the result of that issue will be, nor the impossibility of flinching from it, although it may, and probably will, result in splitting the Association into two parts.

By all means, let the Association be split apart if need be in order that the country may know that at least a part of the legal profession will not stand for such lawlessness, injustice, and narrow prejudice as seem to actuate the present officers of the Association.

THE ART OF GREAT FICTION.

There have been frequent attempts within the past few years to bring back into serious fiction something of its mid-Victorian spirit. The movement, if that word is not too formal, began with the first novel of De Morgan. A sense of the fulness of life surrounding even a single career, which Dickens and Thackeray knew so well how to create, was given in "Joseph Vance." Leisureliness again came into fiction. Many were appalled at the size of De Morgan's volume and prophesied failure for it. The reading of a novel had come to be thought of as the work of one sitting, preferably on a short journey. But De Morgan's books did succeed amazingly. It was seen that he had turned his back on the ingenuity and other artificial cleverness which went into the making of the ordinary novel, and had his eye on real life. If amusement could be got by the way, well and good, but for his appeal the author relied most upon the cumulative effect of a career looked at from many angles. Life *en bloc* had to be represented. Following De Morgan, writers in Great Britain and on the Continent, not so much in this country, have been striving for similar large effects. Arnold Bennett is perhaps the most notable instance, but several others could be cited, notably A. E. W. Mason, Birmingham, Richard Pryce, and the author of "Jean-Christophe."

The feeling will not down, however, that the work of such men, with the possible exception of De Morgan, lacks some vital element of the older spirit. Is this want perhaps due to a change of method in manipulating individual scenes? Despite the care given by Dickens and George Eliot to the impression of a work as a whole, in each of their stories a few separate scenes contrive to stand out indelibly. A rehearsal of them here is not necessary; every one will recall them for himself. Both writers, in a word, did a great deal of editing of material, and then committed to a small number of scenes, highly elaborated, the most significant moments. Not that their books could be reduced at once to scenarios. There is much necessary description and narration, but these usually prepare the way for animated scenes full of dialogue. That it is preparation is obvious after a little analysis. The ancestry and previous activity of characters are sketched at length, to give them a running start for the real scenes in which they are to figure. But the scenes themselves assume the main importance. So it is plain that the plan of a story, thus managed, is dependent upon certain fundamental laws of art. Not actual life, but the impression of actual life, is given. How to select and

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seemingly not omit, and, above all, how to present vividly, are the problems with which Dickens, let us say, was concerned. He placed his emphasis upon the scene, giving sense of life by much use of conversation, and trusted largely to the principle of suggestion to bridge the gaps.

The method of our moderns is very different. "Jean-Christophe" and Mr. Pryce's "Christopher" may serve for a moment as examples. In each case the hero is followed from birth until well on in life; his outer and inner being is set forth, and he is looked at from innumerable angles. And yet there is scarcely one scene of any length in either book. Scraps of conversation are recounted in order to furnish settings for extended analysis of the hero's several stages of development. The analysis is often brilliant, and especially in the case of "Jean-Christophe" the most transitory, intangible feelings are crystallized with amazing insight and power of expression. Fulness of life there is, too; only it is not edited and selected after the manner of the older writers. The result is a vague recollection, on the part of the reader, of a story collectively or in parts.

The way of Mr. Bennett differs somewhat from that of his two contemporaries. Scenes he has, sometimes of monumental length. Yet he, too, usually gives the impression of being a chronicler rather than a novelist. His distrust of the Victorian art shows itself not by his readiness to turn with undue haste from an outward situation to an interpretation of inward broodings. He dwells lovingly on external details. Little men and women, in his most conscientious works, wend their ways through a scrupulously accurate world. Yet, for all that, his scenes more often than not lack the Victorian objectivity, because his emendation of the old artistic doctrine of *multum in parvo* to *multum in multo* has not yet proved to be true art or true psychology. It is again a case of refusing to edit properly.

That the Victorian scene, so excellent as it usually is, has been discredited by serious workmen, seems strange, especially at a time when the common run of novels are so closely related to the stage. Good sellers of this class are quickly dramatized, and popular plays are "novelized." One would think that the older pattern would strongly recommend itself. Perhaps it would if the stories which are put upon the stage were better than they are. But the artificiality of their scenes and their trivial purpose have caused the more thoughtful writers to suspect that all scenes so fashioned are not true to life. The Victorian model has suffered in consequence. It has appeared to them to be in structure and method of a piece with recent trash. So it has come about that writers who started out somewhat consciously to reinstate the Victorian spirit have neglected one of its most important elements; or rather have tried to replace it by something better. We suspect, however, that the broad outlines of the many notable scenes which come to mind from the older day are still worthy of careful imitation.

THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS

At the sight of the dear old lady in a pannier gown, Alice could not help uttering a little cry of delight.

"Do let me introduce you," she said to the Red Knight, and she ran forward, pulling his steed along by the rein. "The Red Knight, Mrs. Malaprop," she said, and beamed upon both of them.

"Not *the* Mrs. Malaprop," said the Red Knight, holding out one hand and clinging to the saddle with the other.

"The same," said the old lady; "may I facilitate you upon the results in Illinois and Pennsylvania?"

"I thank you," said the Red Knight. "I have often heard you spoken of as one of our leading simplified spellers. If I am not mistaken, your grandfather was Col. Lapsus Linguæ of Faux Pas."

"He was," said the old lady. "And on my mother's side I am related to the Bulls of Ireland and the Hiatuses of Prattling Common. If an old woman's good wishes count for anything——"

"Madam," said the Red Knight, "after California, I freely recognize the extraordinary mental and moral qualities of our women voters."

"I have long wished to tell you," said the old woman, "how I admire the victorious career of one whom I regard as the most Perkinacious of all our candidates."

"Pert, not Perk," hinted Alice, gently.

"Perk or Pert, what difference does it make?" said the old lady. "We live not by the letter of the law, but by its spirituous consultation. I have known candidates who have fought hard for their own ends, but none whose motives are so absolutely Flinnathropic."

"Philanthropic," suggested Alice, in a whisper.

"Please don't interrogate so much," said the old lady, but still without losing her temper. "When I meet a public man who is so ready to capitalize his own interests to those of his country——"

"Sacri——" Alice started to say, but caught herself in time.

"Why, then," went on the old lady, "he ought to have as many terms as he likes. If two are not enough he should have a third term, if only by Hannalogy. Now I hope I got *that* right," she said, turning defiantly to Alice.

But Alice's feelings were hurt, and she said nothing.

"And so," concluded the old lady, "I hope that you will succeed in keeping up your spontaneous consumption of public interest and that you won't let them take away your Southern renegades——"

"Delega——" said Alice before she could stop herself.

But the old lady only glared at her and went on addressing the Red Knight: "And may all your enemies be like that English duke who was drowned in a barrel of Munsey."

"Malmsey," shouted Alice, no longer able to control herself. But the Red Knight turned to her and chided her gently, "The question, my dear Alice, is who shall make the rules of language, the plain people or the bosses who write the grammars."

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the invaluable ninth edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, the following is credited to Sir Walter Raleigh:

> Go, Soul, the body's guest,
> Upon a thankless arrant;
> Fear not to touch the best,
> The truth shall be thy warrant:
> Go, since I needs must die,
> And give the world the lie.

It is also, with a dozen other sextains of similar form, found in several poetical anthologies with the same credit. In other collections it is attributed to Joshua Sylvester, whose death occurred a few weeks before that of Sir Walter. It should seem desirable at present to examine the grounds on which the credit ought to be based.

In the second folio edition of Sylvester's collected works, printed in 1633, the foregoing stanza appears, with slight differences, as the first of twenty, together entitled "The Soul's Errand." All following the first are quatrains, having close relationship with the stanza at the beginning. In the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty years afterwards Thomas Percy published a poem entitled "The Lie," beginning with the lines reproduced above, and followed immediately by six of Sylvester's quatrains. Each quatrain had attached as a sort of refrain, however, a couplet to the effect that if the parties should presume to "make reply, then give them all the lie!" There were also some negligible verbal changes, and half a dozen stanzas not in Sylvester's version were added, giving to the revision a more finished look than the original could show. Percy's well-known propensity to alter verses coming within his editorial purview being considered, together with the fact that no copy of his rendering of this poem exists of a date earlier than that for which he was plainly responsible, makes it very probable that "The Lie," as it now stands, was aptly entitled, and was constructed by him on the foundation of "The Soul's Errand" in the folio of 1633.

After considering all the arguments attainable in favor of Raleigh's authorship of the revised verses, I cannot perceive that there is even one of any real weight. No predecessor of Bishop Percy ever attributed

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them to Raleigh, so far as is known, and no trustworthy author since his era has professed to have seen any evidence tending to prove that Raleigh ever had anything to do with them. Charles Sprague, a meritorious minor American poet, did the best, probably, that could be done for the contention in Sir Walter's favor, without falsification, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1867. He frankly confessed at the outset that he was strongly prejudiced against Sylvester's claims, and desired to feel that the Elizabethan courtier "had left behind him as the offspring of his great brain one of the most impressive poems of . . . . any time." Yet he was compelled to admit: "It is true I am not able to prove it; but I think I prove it was not written by Sylvester." It certainly cannot be reasonably claimed that Sylvester was the architect of that particular structure of verse generally called "The Lie," seeing that there is no authentic record of its existence in that form for a hundred and fifty years after the death of that writer; but I see no good reason to doubt that the original from which the later version was shaped was Sylvester's work. It has the rugged earnestness which is so noticeable in many other productions of the old puritan, and it was placed publicly to his credit within fifteen years from his death, and never questioned by his contemporaries so far as there is any record.

If Sylvester's poem had been adapted from that given out by Percy, the spelling "arrant" would not have been changed to "errand," since the rhyme is more evident with the former orthography than with the latter, while both forms of the word are found, for instance, in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. And it is difficult to imagine Sir Walter saying (as is said in some of the lines common to the two versions), that the royal court "glows and shines like rotton wood," that the Church "doth no good," that potentates "are not loved unless they give," and, in one of the added couplets, "If potentates reply, give potentates the lie." J. Payne Collier, the notorious brown-paint amender of the Second Folio of Shakespeare, reproduces Percy's version nearly, and brazenly cites as his authority an alleged manuscript entitled "Sir Walter Wrawly his Lye." There is no evidence that anybody else ever saw the manuscript, and I have never heard that the name "Wrawly" was to be found elsewhere in that form. It seems fairly certain that Sylvester wrote the poem from which six of the strongest stanzas were taken for use in the construction of "The Lie," and that the latter was the work either of Bishop Percy or of some acquaintance of his.

THERON WILBER HAIGHT.

Correspondence

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR OR A NICE DISTINCTION?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Outside the legal profession the only man who will not smile when he reads the Illinois Supreme Court decision, in the case against George Clark, charged with operating a confidence game, is John Dembinski, the victim of the game.

The decision in question reverses a verdict which provided a term in the penitentiary for Clark, and furnished, substantially, the only satisfaction Dembinski got out of the matter. As it was among a large number of opinions handed down when the court adjourned, it escaped the attention of the press, or, if seen, presented so small an element of news value that the mere title of the case was published without comment.

The original arraignment charged that Clark "did unlawfully and feloniously obtain from John Dembinski his money by means and by use of the confidence game." He was tried, and after a petit jury had declared him guilty, a sentence of ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary was imposed upon him. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court, Clark's counsel setting up the usual charges of irregularity in the process by which he was brought to justice, insisting that the indictment was faulty, that the trial was improperly held, and that the finding was not justified. Particular emphasis was placed upon the form of the indictment, and upon this phase of the proceedings the decision of the higher court rests.

The opinion declares that the presentment was indefinite inasmuch as it failed to point out whose money Clark acquired from Dembinski! As indicated, the indictment says that Clark obtained "from Dembinski his money," and the court is of the idea that this statement may have misled some one, being subject to misconstruction. The pronoun "his," it maintains, might as correctly refer to the defendant as to Dembinski: "It would be as easy to say that the defendant obtained his own money from Dembinski, as that he obtained the money of Dembinski." That the opinion rendered in the case might be made still clearer, the court adds: "A conclusion that the pronoun referred to Dembinski rather than the defendant could only be sustained on the ground that the grand jury intended to charge the defendant with a crime." Since, in the opinion of the court, so violent an assumption would be contrary to all rules of criminal pleading, it is wholly out of the question to figure that the grand jury was endeavoring to accuse Clark of doing something criminal when it indicted him. And since it has no other means of determining, from the indictment, whether the grand jury was trying to bring Clark to trial for getting Dembinski's money in an unlawful manner, or was simply recording the unusual circumstance of a man "unlawfully and feloniously" obtaining his own money, the trial is irregular and the case must be reversed.

Occurrences of this character, of course, are to be regretted, but they are likely to continue so long as carelessness obtains in the drawing of court papers and the uncertainties of the English language are ignored in their preparation—the preparation of court papers.

Perhaps we should add that Chief Justice Carter filed a dissenting opinion in this case, holding that it "seems clear to me that the pronoun 'his' referred to Dembinski and not to Clark."

J. H. ROCKWELL.

Springfield, Ill., May 14.

A SPANISH SUMMER SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For several years the various universities of France have had summer schools for foreigners and have advertised, by means of brilliant posters, their attractions—picturesque, historical, and intellectual. Many Americans have spent summers at these schools with much enjoyment and profit. Few, however, know of the existence of a Spanish summer school which has been conducted very successfully the last four years at Burgos. It is part of the large work done by the eminent Spanish scholar, M. Ernest Mérimée of the University of Toulouse. To his efforts are due exchanges of professors among French, Spanish, and Portuguese universities, as well as spring courses at Madrid and summer courses at Burgos for French students. The courses at Madrid last from Easter to June and are intended primarily for the candidates for the *agrégation*. These are advanced courses in literature and philology: some of which are given by no less an authority than D. Ramón Menéndez Pidal himself. There are also classes affording practice in the spoken language. These courses are of interest to such of our scholars as are fortunate enough to have a year abroad. To those who have merely a summer to spend in Spain, the courses at Burgos are more important.

The *Instituto francés en España*, or the *Unión de estudiantes franceses y españoles*, holds its classes in the building of the *Instituto provincial* of Burgos. The school begins the first Monda in August, and lasts six weeks. Although supported primarily by the universities of Toulouse and Bordeaux, the courses are free to all Frenchmen. Persons not French or Spanish are also allowed to attend, but pay a fee of 50 pesetas. As yet, few such have attended the school—not more than two or three in a summer. The courses, which are given by professors of the Instituto of Burgos or from Madrid, are divided into two sections, elementary and advanced. A student must enroll in one of these, but he is allowed to attend the other as a listener. The classes come in the morning or late afternoon, and occupy about twelve hours a week. The books studied are those of the French official programme for that year. In the summer of 1911 the courses were somewhat as follows—Elementary: grammar, composition, oral and written practice, translation from Le Sage and Galdós; Advanced: reading, comment, and translation based on Bruno's "Francinet," La Fontaine's "Fables," the "Romancero Caballeresco," the "Marcos de Obregón," with lectures on Spanish literature.

In addition to the Spanish courses there are French courses for the natives of Burgos. These also are open to the foreigner, but many of our students would find them rather elementary. In these, however, as in the Spanish courses, one gets practice in both languages. The Spanish courses are taken by about eighty French students of both sexes, and of varying ages and attainments. The majority come from southern France, and one hears a good deal of the resonant French of that district. There is always a number from northern France as well. Inasmuch as many of the students are studying English and eager to practice it, one would have no difficulty in arranging

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an exchange of lessons, despite the European prejudice against American English. Examinations are held at the end of the session and diplomas awarded; certificates of attendance are given to those obliged to leave before the close.

The teachers and officers of the Instituto are eager to make one's stay pleasant and profitable. Board in Spanish *casas de huéspedes* costs from three pesetas a day. A kindly and efficient physician looks out for the health of the school. The people of Burgos are interested in the undertaking and most hospitably open the doors of their comfortable clubhouse—the *Salón de Recreo*—with its reading rooms and library. Thursdays are devoted to excursions, visiting the beautiful cathedral and other local monuments, or in longer trips to neighboring points interesting for historical or artistic reasons.

Burgos was chosen on account of its nearness to France and because of the excellent Spanish spoken there. Situated 2,785 feet above the sea, the climate is better than that of many places in Spain. In the hot summer of 1911, Burgos was among the six or seven coolest places out of a list of some thirty given in the daily weather reports. It was usually 8 degrees to 10 degrees cooler than Madrid.

The school has been recognized by both Governments, and its officers have received decorations. Further information may be found in the files of the *Bulletin Hispanique* or by writing to the Instituto at Burgos.

A. F. WHITTEM.

Cambridge, Mass., May 16.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your discussion of the home-rule question (*Nation*, April 25), you appear to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the power conferred on the Privy Council, or, to be more accurate, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to pass upon the validity of acts of the Irish Parliament marks the introduction of a new principle into the English Constitution. You further declare that the Privy Council does not possess such power in respect to the legislation of the self-governing colonies.

The mistake, I believe, is due to confusing the Privy Council as a political body with the Privy Council in its judicial capacity or the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The political Privy Council, or the King in Council, or the Cabinet, has the right of veto on all colonial legislation. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is also capable of passing on the validity of all colonial legislation which is carried on appeal as of right or of grace to the King. The Parliaments of the self-governing colonies are not sovereign bodies as is the case with the Imperial Parliament. As non-sovereign bodies their legislation is subject to the same judicial control as are the by-laws of any municipal corporation. The Judicial Committee frequently has occasion to set aside the legislation of the Parliaments of Canada and Australia just as our Supreme Court does the legislation of the States or Congress.

There is, of course, a higher regard for an act of the legislature in an English or Colonial court than in an American court, but nevertheless neither an English nor colonial court would hesitate to declare a colonial act unconstitutional in case it were in flagrant violation of the terms of the Constitution. That English and colonial courts do not so frequently set aside colonial acts as do American courts is largely owing to the fact that the principle of the separation of powers between legislative, executive, and judiciary does not find the same acceptance in English and colonial law as in the United States; and still further to the fact that the principle of constitutional guarantees of individual rights of person and property is not to be found to any extent in colonial Constitutions. The new Irish Constitution, however, contains such guarantees, so that we may find the Judicial Committee assuming a new jurisdiction in respect to this class of cases. But acts abridging personal or religious freedom would undoubtedly be vetoed by the Lord Lieutenant, and not be left to the subsequent determination of the judiciary.

In view of the recent agitation for the recall of judicial decisions it may be of some interest to your readers to know that a proposal was made in the convention which drew up the Australian Commonwealth Constitution that when a law of the Commonwealth Parliament was declared unconstitutional by the High Court of Australia, the Governor-General in Council might, upon the adoption of a resolution by absolute majorities in both houses or, as was also suggested, in one house, refer the law to the electors for their approval:

> In the event of any law passed by the Federal Parliament being declared by any decision of the High Court to be *ultra vires* of this Constitution, the Executive may upon the adoption by absolute majorities in both houses of the legislature, within six months after the decision of the High Court of resolution thereto directing, refer the law to the electors under Section 121, and if approved or therein provided the Constitution shall be deemed to have been enlarged and the law shall have been conclusively deemed to have been *intra vires* of this Constitution from the passing thereof.

It will be observed that this proposal carried with it a formal amendment of the Constitution and was designed to introduce greater flexibility into the Constitution rather than to curtail the powers of the judiciary. But the proposal was so severely criticised by Messrs. Symon, Isaacs, and Barton, that the mover, Mr. Holder, withdrew it.

The fact that the American public are now being urged to accept a proposal very similar in character to that which the makers of the Australian Constitution summarily rejected may well cause the electorate to pause and consider carefully the important constitutional principles involved in its determination.

C. D. ALLIN.

University of Minnesota, May 6.

POSTAGE ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to supplement the letter of Professor Holt (*Nation*, May 2) on the "Exorbitant Price of Books" by a note calling attention to the custom of publishers of adding to the list price of books the cost of carriage by mail. This custom is without justification, and has the particularly irritating effect on the mind of the purchaser which such exactions always have. To a student residing in the country the custom adds greatly to the total cost of his library.

It is unjustifiable, as a book can be purchased at any first-class book store at the list price, and the increasing of this price by the cost of carriage by the publisher cannot be to protect the legitimate book trade, as this would be done amply were the publisher to furnish the book carriage free at list price.

If a booksellers' agreement compels the custom, it should be abrogated, as it is a short-sighted policy, the irritation it leaves is far beyond any value it can have for the trade.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, Md., May 10.

CLEVELAND ON THE COURTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading recently Geo. F. Parker's "Recollections of Grover Cleveland" I came upon the following words spoken by Mr. Cleveland to the author a few months before his death. They are emphasized by the times:

> The most serious difficulty confronting this country is that of maintaining the supremacy of the law, and this can only be done by inspiring respect for the judgments of our courts. All the enemies of our society and institutions, and of the dominance in them of the civil power, recognize, as if by instinct, that if they would break them down or undermine them, it can only be done by reducing our courts to impotence. If their decrees are not respected, or their judges who preside over them are not men of the highest reputation for ability and fairness, then all the forces of discontent will unite in an assault upon them.
>
> To me, nothing can be more deplorable than that open criticism of the decisions of courts which, all at once, has become fashionable on the part of executive officers, whether Presidents, Governors, Mayors, or whatever the rank or position. They are danger signals, and failure to see them may introduce practices which will threaten the independence of the courts.

WM. C. COLLAR.

Waban, Mass., May 18.

Literature

A GREAT ENGLISH DIPLOMAT.

Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier, G.C.B., from 1826 *to* 1876. By his Daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn Wemyss. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $8.75 net.

Although the English resent foreign criticism to a degree that is often amusing, they sometimes criticise themselves not only very frankly, but quite accurately. Thus at the time of the Boer War they admitted that it was too much their habit to trust to "muddling through" a difficulty. Since the Crimean War, which they drifted into without calculation and emerged from without glory, their military operations have been mostly "muddled," but in no department has this characteristic been more marked than in their diplomacy. From the Restoration on, the British

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Foreign Office acted upon the theory that it need not trouble itself to know or care much about foreign peoples or governments: for, of course, none of them could hope to rise into the sphere which Providence had assigned to Englishmen.

As a result, the diplomats who represented England abroad possessed usually many excellent qualities except those which were indispensable to success in diplomacy. Among the earlier Foreign Secretaries not even Palmerston was adequately equipped. Lord John Russell, his superior in many ways, was still unable to see international relations steadily, much less to think out beforehand the policy to be adopted in any emergency. In 1859, with laudable enthusiasm, he made "Italy for the Italians" his motto; but, only two years later he so far misread the *Zeitgeist's* intimations as to be ready to support the South against the North in the American Civil War. The quality which British diplomats and Foreign Secretaries have too often lacked has been a sympathetic knowledge of the policy and aspirations of the countries with which they had to deal.

These facts are impressed upon us, through contrast, in reading Sir Robert Morier's "Memoirs": for he was, with Sir James Hudson in Italy, the British diplomatist of the last generation who knew his field through and through. Moreover, that field was Germany, and it would have been well for England if she had been willing to listen to Morier in the days before the rise of Prussia. What not merely the average Englishman, but official and university circles, thought of the Germans in the late fifties and early sixties of the last century can be learned from the pages of *Punch*. The German was supposed to be a fat, ponderous, rubicund fellow, who smoked huge pipes a yard long and drank gallons of beer. If he were a *Gelehrter*, he added to this equipment a pair of goggles.

No Englishman pretended to bother himself over the internal affairs of the forty or more German States; and, indeed, that was a tangle which even the historian finds it hard to unravel. Lord John Russell said, with a touch of pride, that only himself and one other man understood the Schleswig-Holstein affair, and that the other man was dead; but we question whether Lord John did not overrate his own competence on this occasion. And yet by 1864 Morier had been expounding German politics to the Foreign Office for seven or eight years.

Robert Morier was born in 1826, of Huguenot ancestry. His father had been consul-general for France and minister to Switzerland, and one of his uncles wrote "The Adventures of Hajji Baba," a book which had considerable vogue. More important as a formative influence was the fact that this uncle, and other members of the family besides his father, held diplomatic or other positions: so that he was born into the environment of a cosmopolite. But he had the education of the traditional Englishman, and he never wavered in his loyalty to the best English ideals. At Balliol College, he formed with Jowett, nine years his senior, a friendship which lasted through life.

Leaving Oxford in 1849, Morier filled a small post in the Privy Council Office, in the hope of receiving a diplomatic appointment. This came in 1853 when he went as unpaid attaché to Vienna. Six years later he was transferred to Berlin, and a small salary was assigned him. In 1866, he went to Frankfurt just as the Confederation ceased to exist; and for the next ten years he served at Darmstadt, Stuttgart, and Munich, until at last, in 1876, at the age of fifty, he was promoted to be minister at Lisbon. The mere list of his posts shows what unusual opportunities he had for studying Germany on all sides. In addition, he travelled much in Italy and the Orient, and served on several special missions. He also possessed certain personal qualities which caused his fellow diplomats, statesmen, and even sovereigns to confide in him.

Morier's daughter has edited his "Memoirs" with a view to presenting as much political and historical material as possible. This is well, for it is no exaggeration to say that her volumes contain more new sidelights on the unification of Germany than can be found in any other English work. Morier had a passion for thoroughness which, coupled with a marked historic sense, led him to prepare for the Foreign Office papers which, though probably seldom read by his superiors, have a lasting importance for the historian. We cannot imagine, for instance, that Lord Palmerston, whom he describes capitally as "half-hornet, half-butterfly," spent laborious evenings over Morier's monographs on the "History of Prussia" (1859), and on the "Constitutional Conflict in Electoral Hesse." But the Foreign Office soon discovered that Morier was more than a routine man, and it resented, rather than welcomed, his activity. "Above all, not too much zeal," was the instruction his chief, quoting Talleyrand, solemnly gave him.

The enthusiastic and conscientious diplomat, however, continued to furnish the information which he deemed it essential for the Foreign Office to know: and if the occupants of Downing Street did not listen attentively, personages not less important knew his value. For he was the friend of the Prussian Crown Prince and of Princess Victoria, and he served with equal loyalty to spread a knowledge of Prussia among the English, and of England among the Prussians. Sympathizing heartily with the German Liberals, he hoped, at the outset, that the resurgence of Prussia would result in the formation of a free and united Germany: but, from the moment when Bismarck took the helm in 1862, Morier began to fear that freedom would be sacrificed. In the German nature two spirits—the Spirit of Liberty, and the Spirit of Authority—have been at war for centuries. Had the German empire-builder been a Cavour, devoted to Liberty, he would have rallied those forces and found them sufficient; but Fate assigned the task to Bismarck, who organized Authority to a degree of perfection that no German before him, not even Frederick, had attained.

Although Morier seems to have had no personal clash with Bismarck, he early incurred the Chancellor's hostility. This was inevitable. Morier did not disguise his Liberalism, and in his letters he criticised the brutal methods by which the new Prussian policy was driven through. On his side, Bismarck naturally hated a man who was the friend of his enemies and the confidant of the Crown Prince and Princess. To rid Prussia of the English influence which Princess Victoria only too evidently and very indiscreetly worked to establish, became almost a Bismarckian obsession. He feared that, in spite of his Titanic efforts for Authority, constitutional Liberty of the English sort might win the day in Berlin: then farewell to the hoped-for German Empire dominated by Prussia. He feared not only the effects of example and propaganda, but also, when the Danish imbroglio loomed up, of physical force. Being a man of few words and decisive acts, he assumed that the threatening dispatches from London would be followed by British ships. When he found, however, as Morier remarks, that the British energy was purely "literary," he uttered the scathing comment that he "had wasted several years of his political life by the belief that England was a great nation."

It is the direct and indirect testimony that Morier gives concerning the rise of Prussia, and especially his criticisms and revelations of Bismarck that constitute for historians the weightiest part of these memoirs. Although he was undoubtedly a hostile critic, yet he was no carper. He tried, above all, to see things as they were, and to report them to the Foreign Office. The wonder is that English official circles, having his inside reports, should have been taken by surprise at each of Prussia's victorious advances. Perhaps his frank criticism of England's "parochial" foreign policy, may have caused his superiors to undervalue his soundness. Nevertheless, Lord John admitted that, if Morier's advice had been taken promptly, the Danish Question would have been settled without a war.

We are not positively informed that

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Bismarck's campaign of calumnies and spies, actually drove Morier from Berlin, but we infer that he found his stay at Darmstadt and Munich less tormented. Most important are his chapters on the Franco-Prussian War. He deplored the amazing indecision of Lord Granville at the opening of hostilities. "To feel that England is for the future but as a bit of wet blotting-paper among the nations," he wrote, "does upset one's serenity and makes one almost wish to be a Maori or a Turco, both of whom have some kind of individuality and self-assertion left." Morier sympathized with the Germans, because he disliked the truculence of the French Imperialists, but when France was beaten he regarded it as a tactical mistake for Germany to annex Alsace and Lorraine, and he had a foreboding that their colossal success would convert the Germans into a domineering nation. To his infinite regret, he soon saw that German unity, instead of bringing to pass a millennium of peace, as he had dreamed, systematized militarism on a scale unapproached even by Napoleon I.

At Munich he had a venerated friend in Dr. Döllinger, who had striven manfully to check the tide of Catholic reaction before it promulgated the dogma of papal infallibility. There is a curious and very enlightening report of an interview in 1872 between Morier and Arnim, when the latter was returning from a mission to Rome, where he had sounded the Vatican as to coming to more enlightened terms with Prussia. Arnim told him:

> that in judging the court at Rome it was before all things necessary to get rid of two widespread misconceptions: the one that it was an intelligent body, the other that it was invulnerable. It was the least intelligent of existing political powers, it was highly vulnerable the moment people ceased to believe in its invulnerability. That to obtain the clearest conception of what the Court of Rome really was one had to imagine three old Fakirs [Pius, Antonelli, and the Cardinal Vicar], who, for upwards of a quarter of a century . . . had used the same phrases, spoken the same thoughts, mumbled the same anathemas, and who never held communion with any person but those who came to worship at their shrine.

Arnim added that the tactics of the Ultramontanes were not elaborated at Rome, but by the Jesuits in concert with the Committee of Geneva, to whom the "three Fakirs" bowed their heads in assent. "The attitude of the Pope," he said, "was that of a man who owes no man anything, but to whom the whole world is enormously in debt. Anything given to him, therefore, however valuable, was regarded but as a small instalment of that which was his due." With the Papalists in this frame of mind, Arnim's mission of conciliation failed, and Bismarck soon embarked on the *Kulturkampf;* although it appears that Bismarck had not scrupled a little earlier to offer his alliance to the Pope against the Italians if the Pope, in return, would guarantee the submission of the German Catholics.

One further disclosure ought not to be passed over. Thiers, as French President, had urged Pius to transfer the Holy See to France: first, in order to supersede Italy, which Thiers hated; next, to make France "the Defender of the Faith"; and, finally, to constitute France as a kind of Catholic Holy Land which it would be sacrilege for any one, especially for German Catholics, to touch. We have no space to cite the salient points in the remaining chapters: but we must call particular attention to the account of the war scare of 1875, in which Bismarck's Mephistophelian methods are again revealed. Morier had an honorable part in circumventing them. The next year he was appointed Minister to Lisbon. So tardily was his unusual talent recognized.

Although the "Memoirs" deal chiefly with political affairs, there are strewn through them many passing references to the personages of his time, and occasionally good stories. Here, for instance, is Metternich's reply to a frightened Archduke who asked, when the revolutionists were roaring round the Chancery of State, what it meant. "The old fellow, with a grim and rather triumphant smile, observed, 'Monseigneur, c'est ce que messieurs les Républicains appellent la voix de Dieu.'" Morier found Gortschakoff "one of the vainest of the bigger statesmen, Beust always excepted, with whom I have ever had to deal." "It is not our vocation," he wrote in 1864, "to compete with the Emperor Napoleon in his professional pursuits of surgeon accoucheur to the ideas of the nineteenth century." In his more intimate letters—to his father, to Jowett, to Layard, and other friends—we get glimpses of other sides of his strong and sympathetic character. We hope that his daughter will carry the memoirs to the end of his life, for his great service as ambassador to St. Petersburg deserves to be fully recorded—including his repulse of Bismarck's vindictive attempt to blast him even at that distance.

CURRENT FICTION.

Counsel for the Defense. By Leroy Scott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

We are used to novels in which the hero by unlimited patience, keen-wittedness and courage surmounts all obstacles, while the heroine either remains passive or makes a few well-intentioned efforts which only add to the hero's labors. It is refreshing therefore to come across a first-rate story in which the hero does the well-meant blundering, and the heroine, pitying him and making allowance for him, accomplishes the great task. At the beginning of the book the overgrown village of Westville, Indiana, is about to celebrate the completion of the new waterworks, built and owned by the city. The celebration is almost a personal triumph for Dr. David West, an old man who has spent his fortune and the years since his wife's death in studying the means of conquering typhoid fever. His only daughter Katherine, a graduate of Vassar and a member of the bar, who is engaged in work for a "municipal league," in an Eastern city, comes home for the celebration. Meanwhile her father has been accused by the committee having the work in charge of receiving a bribe from the Acme Filter Company, and the story has been published with a savage attack on West by Arnold Bruce, the radical young editor of the *Express*. The evidence against Dr. West is apparently conclusive, and when no reputable lawyer will take his case Katherine horrifies Westville by assuming the defense herself. Her father, nevertheless, is found guilty and imprisoned. Meanwhile Arnold Bruce has become convinced that the defense is right. He falls in love with Katherine. The story relates how his bungling gets him into serious trouble, from which he is extricated only by Katherine's brilliant success. The rather involved plot is carried forward rapidly and skilfully to an effective climax, and suggests a well constructed play. Considering the large demands of his plot, the author has been remarkably successful in characterization. The style has a colloquial vigor which often makes the descriptions memorable.

A Knight in Denim. By Ramsey Benson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A half-witted farm-hand is not at first sight a very promising hero for a novel. Yet we venture a guess that Bill Harbaugh, the "knight" of this story, will be remembered when some of his more pretentious contemporaries are forgotten The book exists purely for the sake of Bill; there is not much story, and what there is is curiously vague as to place, time, and minor characters. Bill, a big, strong, simple-minded fellow, drifts into the farming country, near Atro City, Nebraska, from no one knows where. Having proved himself a first-rate farm-hand, he hires himself out by the unusual method of pretending to buy his prospective employer's farm. After the fictitious bargain is struck, he works faithfully for the real owner, expecting in return only the satisfaction of his simple wants and the pleasure of keeping up the pretence. Defective mentally as he is in some ways, in others he is quick enough; he has the intuitive keenness of sympathy and the occasional resourcefulness that some-

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times go with weakness in practical matters. In character he is a natural gentleman, and it is as a protector of the weak that he appears in the story. His devotion to the ill-used wife of his quasi-employer is like that of a splendid dog. His good nature, his "festivity of temper," is infectious. When he is called a "natural-born idiot" he only replies, "Oh, come now. What if everybody was to be called by their right name, slap out like that?" The unreality of the setting and some of the other characters seems only to make his sturdy figure more solid and real.

The Sentence of Silence. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Kauffman sets himself a serious problem, and he approaches it with respect. His "Sentence" is the one imposed on children by well-meaning parents who strive to bring them up in ignorance of everything pertaining to sex, on the assumption that ignorance is the equivalent of innocence. To prove the contrary, Mr. Kauffman conducts the object of his study through a number of unsavory experiences. The evident honesty of the author's purpose does not altogether make amends for a crudity of incident verging at times on coarseness, nor does he entirely convince us that all the misdeeds of Daniel Barnes are the result of his parents' failure to enlighten him in boyhood. Some trouble might have resulted, but seduction, adultery, and embezzlement, to mention only his major sins, make up a total for which somebody should be blamed besides his parents, who were good and simple country folk. It would be interesting to know how familiar Mr. Kauffman is with the "new psychology" and its tracing of childhood influences on later life.

Blinds Down. By H. A. Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The closed blinds belong to a house fronting on an unsavory village street by the name of Hog Lane, and behind them, in wilful ignorance of the actualities of life, sit the three poor daughters of an earl whose estate has gone by entail to a male cousin. The youngest of the three, a half-sister only of the two elder spinsters, is driven by family pride into a disastrous marriage, and her daughter is saved from a somewhat similar fate only by her intervention and her hardly-won experience of life.

So much for the plot. The theme of the book is really an impassioned plea against the narrow and conventional ideas of society in a village lying outside of the world's movement. The thesis is well presented, but the book leaves rather an acrid taste in the mouth and suggests a re-reading of "Cranford" or "Lady Ludlow." It would be a pretty question to argue whether Mrs. Gaskell's pictures of quaint charm or Mr. Vachell's arraignment of everything stationary as rotten conveyed the truest impression of life.

ROYCE'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

The Sources of Religious Insight. By Josiah Royce. The Bross Lectures for 1911. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

To those who, on the one hand, are unable any longer to accept the authority of Scriptures or of Church as the source of religious strength and insight, and who cannot even follow James and other recent writers in their confidence in the significance and trustworthiness of the mystic revelation, Royce's latest work, on the sources of religious insight, will appeal as worthy of profound consideration. To many, in fact, it should bring new faith in the spiritual and new courage in the service of the ideal. For this book, though from the hand of a master of technical metaphysics, is no mere logical analysis of concepts, no coldly theoretical presentation of epistemological considerations. It is evidently intended as a real gospel — almost as a religious appeal — and though clearly reasoned and never "emotional," it is suffused with a fervor and a warmth commonly deemed impossible for a technical philosopher. It is not the philosophy of religion that he gives us here; it is the religion of philosophy. The student of Royce's previous works will find nothing new in this little volume—nothing new, indeed, unless it be the synthesis of all his works. It is as though the philosopher were purposely calling our attention to the fact that the one unifying and controlling interest of all his intellectual life has been religion.

Religion for Professor Royce is inseparable from the idea of salvation; and salvation, as he understands it, is itself constituted of two simpler ideas:

> The first is the idea that there is some end or aim of human life which is more important than all other aims, so that, by comparison with this aim, all else is secondary and subsidiary, and perhaps relatively unimportant, or even vain and empty. The other is this: That man as he now is, or as he naturally is, is in great danger of so missing this highest aim as to render his whole life a senseless failure by virtue of thus coming short of his true goal.

The religious insight is concerned both with the realization of the need of salvation and with the way in which it may be attained. The realization of the need is, of course, fundamental, and it is this that is furnished by the first source of religious insight, namely, the experience of the individual. On this point the individual may be trusted—alas, only too well! To all who reflect upon their own experience it is plain enough that there is something wrong with the natural man as he stands alone. But except for this recognition of need, Professor Royce does not rate the individual's experience as very trustworthy; and if we would find not only the need but the way of salvation, we must have recourse to other sources of insight. Social experience is here of some assistance, to keep individual experience sane and steady. But the two great sources are what Professor Royce calls reason and loyalty. In his treatment of reason as a source of religious insight, he falls back upon his own previously published treatment of truth (and incidentally of pragmatism), and he repeats in popular form the arguments for the Absolute technically expounded in "The Religious Aspect of Philosophy" and "The Conception of God." But this philosophical view Royce admits would be insufficient as a source of religious life if it were not brought into touch with our activities and interests by the "Religion of Loyalty." Loyalty is the essence of all morality and the very condition of an individual, personal life. But loyalty to any cause logically thought out necessarily points to the one great cause, which is "loyalty to loyalty," and thus it presupposes a reality that transcends any merely human experience. And "however far you go in loyalty, you will never regard your loyalty as a mere morality. It will also be in essence a religion. . . . It supplies in its unity the way to define, in harmonious fashion, the ideal of what your individual experience seeks in its need, of what your social world, groaning and travailing in pain together, longs for as our common salvation, of what the reason conceives as the divine unity of the world's meaning, of what the rational will requires you to serve as God's will. Through loyalty, then, not only the absolute moral insight, but the absolute religious insight, as you grow in grace and persist in service, may be and will be gradually and truthfully revealed to you." Such loyalty can never fail. He who has set his will upon loyalty to the Eternal has found the way of salvation. "From out the lonely and darkened depths of his personal finitude, from out the chaos of his social promptings and of his worldly ambitions, amid all the storms of fortune, 'midst of hell's laughter and noises appalling,' he has heard the voice of the Spirit. He has heard, and—however unlearned—he has understood. His own lamp is burning, and through his deed the eternal light shines in the darkness of this world."

But though the supreme kind of loyalty makes failure impossible, it not only is consistent with but even presupposes the possibility—and the actuality—of sorrow. Yet sorrow, far from being a refutation of the religious view,

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is itself a further source of the religious insight, for there are sufferings which, with all their pain, we yet would not erase from our world, because they are a necessary constituent of much that is noblest and best in life. And from them we may gain at least a hint of the way in which all suffering is an essential part of the joy of the Lord. The Eternal is made perfect through suffering. That we cannot see just how this is need not surprise us, for our finitude limits us to a momentary glance, or an abstract guess, at the Real. But this very fact involves the necessity of an eternal and embracing experience in which we live and move and have our being. And the true Church—which is the final source of religious insight—consists of all those who in their great or humble way are strenuously and endlessly loyal to the supreme cause of Loyalty, and thus, though unwittingly, point to the Eternal.

Many, of course, will not agree with Professor Royce's conclusions; and several of his arguments are certainly open to serious criticism. But this is not the place for a technical analysis of his philosophy. And not even the most strenuous pragmatist and pluralist can fail to recognize the moral and religious value of this earnest and eloquent book.

The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

The candid American will read this book with mingled pride and humiliation, and place it on the shelf where it belongs by virtue of its direct and vivid style and the importance of its message—with the "Autobiography" of Franklin, Jacob Riis's "The Making of an American," the "Reminiscences" of Carl Schurz, and Booker Washington's "Story of My Life." It is a tale told with glowing enthusiasm of the transformation under the influence of new surroundings of a benighted Russian-Jewish girl into an enlightened and public-spirited American. "Although I have written a genuine personal memoir," says the author, "I believe its chief interest lies in the fact that it is illustrative of scores of unwritten lives." What the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers ought to do for the destitute, illiterate multitudes crushed out of Europe and cast upon our shores, continues to be a subject for troubled thought among legislators. Meanwhile, some of these men and women have already turned the tables, and found something to do for the offspring of the Pilgrim Fathers. To the anxious and skeptical among us they are proving our own opportunities and powers, pointing out the path of peace among racial antipathies, and strengthening our somewhat languid faith in our own democratic institutions.

Mary Antin's book should cause the sociologist to reconsider what are the decisive elements in "environment." For the first half of her thirty years her lot was cast in one of the most unpromising spots in the world for the production of American citizens. Born in the ancient town of Polotzk, one of the "concentration camps" of the Jews in Russia, she was cradled in a kind of mediæval terror of the Gentiles, and was experienced from childhood in contempt and persecution. From one point of view, her most illuminating chapters are those in which she describes the duplex character developed by a despised people in the land of their oppressors. In response to the grinding pressure of Christian Russia, the Jew of Polotzk assumed in the presence of his Gentile neighbors the self-preserving vices of external abjectness, hypocrisy, and double-dealing. On the other hand, reaction against the same pressure tried and hardened his special Jewish virtues. Bowed as he was beneath the impositions of an alien law, he accepted the yoke of a rigorous domestic discipline, subjected himself with pride to the scourge of his own schoolmasters, and bore in the pettiest acts of his life the scrupulous exactions of the Mosaic code. Jealously excluded from participation in national affairs and the intellectual progress of his times, he was driven to seek his spiritual nourishment in the hoary culture of the rabbis and the immemorial traditions of his race. All the forces of circumstance conspired to establish his objectionable habits, and to intensify his racial peculiarities. When Russia had left to Mary Antin and her family only their ancestral fortitude and the deep hunger of a starved heart and brain, she exposed them as unprofitable waifs in America.

Now, what impresses one in the history of this family after its arrival in the Promised Land is that in most material circumstances they were quite as badly situated in Boston as in Polotzk. They had exchanged Russian wool for American cotton, and a low house in a provincial town for a third-story city tenement; but they were not better housed or clothed or fed or neighbored. Laws not entered on the books drove them as remorselessly as Russian statutes into those squalid quarters of the city where Jews and Chinamen and negroes are segregated from the children of light. The father's training for Hebrew scholarship gave him no advantage over his competitors in selling kerosene and potatoes in an Arlington Street basement, or in dispensing peanuts and lemonade on Crescent Beach, or in serving as night-watchman after he had gravitated down towards the slums of Harrison Avenue. The world, as Teufelsdröckh says, was his oyster, and he had not wherewith to open it. He had hoped, like many another immigrant, to make his fortune in this land of equal opportunity and exhaustless resources. He lacked the *unum necessarium.* His mission was accomplished when he had led his children to the one door that he found wide open and free to all—the door of the public school.

Mary Antin went in at that door and began at once to blot out the distinctions between the Jew and the Gentile. Her account of this period is a notable tribute to the stimulating powers of our primary school teachers and to their eye for latent talent. Later she went to the Latin School and to Barnard College. In a marvellously brief time she accomplished her exodus from Russia, Polotzk, the Ghetto, and the spiritual Middle Ages, and emerged in the twentieth century, an ardent American, differing from the native-born mainly in the uncommon gratitude with which she has availed herself of common opportunities, and in the keenness of her hunger and thirst for light. "When taste is diffused through all classes," asks John Ruskin, "what will become of your classes?" If ten years of American education will obliterate thirty centuries of racial differences, what will become of your races? Mary Antin's narrative terminates at the point where she feels that her Americanization was complete. There is every reason to expect that a woman so young and so happily endowed, so resolute and so kindled with faith, will give us occasion again in the years to come to take heart concerning the foster children of the Republic.

The French Ideal. Pascal, Fénelon, and other Essays. By Madame Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

An acute psychologist, a well-read and sympathetic interpreter of the French genius and ideal, and a graceful and delicate stylist, Madame Duclaux is one of the most delightful essayists of our day. She is, perhaps, less happy in the two long studies, "Pascal" and "Fénelon and his Flock," which fill fully two-thirds of the present volume, than in the briefer appreciations of her preceding volume, "The French Procession" (1909), or in two short articles on "Buffon and his Garden" and "Lamartine and Elvire," which round out "The French Ideal." Her rather minute verbal craft shows to better advantage on the smaller scale, and the effort after concision throws her thought into clearer relief and conduces to the complete crystallization of her style. Particularly in the "Fénelon" there is felt a certain redundancy due to the temptation to quote too freely from a favorite writer, to a certain repetitiousness, and to indulgence in a vein of elegiac sentimentality which occasionally approaches the border line of bathos.

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Yet, with all their defects, these two long studies, nourished, as they are, in the French phrase, with all that has been discovered and written in France in recent years concerning Pascal and Fénelon, constitute a remarkable achievement. There is nothing else of equal importance about either of these great writers in English. Perhaps the reason for this neglect is that they exemplify so profoundly the French ideal. This ideal Mme. Duclaux does not attempt to define, nor does she make any very systematic effort to establish a close relationship among her four subjects under this ideal aspect. A Fénelon may be, as she remarks, merely the complement or the reverse of a Pascal, but she also understands that in their religious views they were poles apart. All that they had in common was their intense spirituality, their ardent thirst for the infinite. But this in itself is enough to set them side by side as representatives of a race whose principal preoccupation has always been with the things of the spirit. Even Buffon, although the antinomy of a Pascal, is one with him in philosophic force and purity of conception. His ideal, too, was a religious ideal, and "Buffon, the Naturalist," is needed to complete this study of French idealism.

It is noteworthy that the revival of interest in these men is synchronous with a renewal of the idealistic element in French thought to-day; and it is not the least of Mme. Duclaux's services that she indicates clearly the precise lines along which these old influences have once more begun to make themselves felt. By a strange paradox, it is perhaps the narrow and illuminated Pascal that is most present to us to-day. Who ever would have thought, fifty years ago, that the author of the "Provinciales," with his spiritual agonies and doctrine of predestination, could become the spokesman of the twentieth century? But wherever the individual soul has reawakened to a sense of its own destiny, it is Pascal who supplies the language and the discipline for the expansion of the inner life. It is only in the sense that Christianity is itself the religion of the inner life, that Pascal is necessarily Christian. Maurice Barrès has demonstrated how little of what Pascal called "grace" is the effulgence from any particular idea of divinity, and how independent "salvation" may be of the Christian conception of survival and the Christian scheme of rewards and punishments. The drama of the soul is more self-contained to-day than it was for Pascal and his contemporaries, but the sequence of its scenes and of its crises is the same *sous l'œil des barbares* as under the eyes of the unregenerate.

But just as egoism has in a measure already had its day in modern thought, so perhaps the influence of Pascal will wane again in favor of other poets, thinkers, saints, and mystics, whose teachings will, turn by turn, accord with the movements of ever-shifting modern sensibility. More recent is the revival of Fénelon, with his patience, his passivity, his "sainte indifférence," even his hatred of warfare, his response to human misery, and his conception of God as accessible, not merely to an élite, but to all, thus breaking down the walls and barriers between man and man with a gush of sympathy, and thus, perhaps, for the second time preparing the way for a great social revolution. The influence of Buffon is most deeply felt in the strictly intellectual domain where the value of classifications in natural science and the validity of general laws come up for debate. His scientific knowledge, it might be remarked, is much more akin to the intuitive knowledge of Novalis and the German Romanticists than it is to the positive science of to-day. The cult which supports this, writes Mme. Duclaux apropos of Lamartine, the poet of intuition, in one of her eloquent and suggestive passages,

> may even now be doomed, in the hour of its triumph. In France at least M. Bergson, M. Le Roy, M. Péguy, and their followers expect and prepare a reaction; and it is a sign of the times that so great a savant as M. H. Poincaré lends an ear indulgent, perhaps amused, and a sort of skeptical support to these underminers of the scientific position. These anti-intellectualists are seers and soothsayers who gaze beyond the regions of immediate fact. The tests of experience produce in them a mood of skepticism. Some of them, indeed, are inclined to suggest that experimental knowledge is a system of organized conventions, so neatly dovetailed into each other as to produce an effect of apparent certitude, yet with no more real relation to the hidden sources of genius, attraction, life, and death, than the elaborate mystifications of a conjurer or the artificial sequences in a game of cards. They whisper that scientific laws are the half-conscious invention of their contrivers or discoverers; that natural science, incapable of approaching ideal truth, can never be the moral guide of man nor take the leading place in his education. The human mind (they say) deforms and alters everything it touches, giving (to what is in reality without form and void) a false aspect of a system and order; even as sea water, collected in a transparent vase, may appear a shining cube, or globe, or hexagon—but the form is the form of the vessel, eternally distinct from the vast essence of the ocean, of which it contains but a drop. In fact, the mind manipulates Truth and makes it over in a mortal image, and therefore the reality of Truth remains undiscoverable to human reason. Happily man (they continue) is a medium for other forces than his intelligence—he is inspired by feeling, instinct, faith, ecstasy, and by those blind intuitions which emanate obscurely from a subliminal self. So, right or wrong, reason these idealists; and if, as it appears sufficiently probable, the generation born during the 'eighties and the 'nineties should adopt them for leaders, Lamartine, like Pascal, may yet have his revenge and his apotheosis, and appear to our children as a guide, philosopher, and friend.

The President's Cabinet: Studies in the Origin, Formation and Structure of an American Institution. By Henry Barrett Learned. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50 net.

Mr. Learned's book is almost exclusively a study of the formal development of the Cabinet, as exhibited in the origin and functions of the several executive departments. The suggestion of heads of departments, with some sort of joint action as advisers or excutive council, occurs early in the history of the Confederation, before a revised Constitution was thought of; and the whole experience of the Confederation was a commentary on the weakness and inefficiency of a national government without an executive head. In the discussions which led up to the Federal Convention of 1787, as well as in the debates of the Convention itself, the idea of departmental organization was further developed; but the Convention went no further than a bare recognition of executive departments whose heads might be required to give opinions in writing on the duties of their respective offices, and might enjoy some power of appointment. The creation of additional departments was left to the discretion of Congress; while the question of meeting the heads of departments as a body, or consulting them on matters of general policy, was left to the President without constitutional direction of any sort.

In the examination of these formal questions, Mr. Learned has ransacked documentary and other sources with admirable thoroughness, and brought together an imposing array of facts. So far as the legislative history of the several departments is concerned, the work of investigation will not need to be done over again. Incidentally, the inquiry sheds a favorable light on the political acumen of Pelatiah Webster, around whom the strife of historical criticism wages with some vigor; directs attention to the almost forgotten careers of Augustus B. Woodward of Virginia and Charles B. Calvert of Maryland; and recovers the interesting story of the United States Agricultural Society.

On the larger political or constitutional aspects of his subject Mr. Learned does not dwell, nor is he concerned with Cabinet practices or personnel. He does, of course, point out, as others have done before him, that the term Cabinet, in so far as it suggests its British namesake, is a misnomer; and that while a President may not with safety ignore the opinion of his Cabinet, he is not constitutionally bound to ask

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it or be governed by it. If the members of the Cabinet are, as Hamilton and others have described them, "constitutional advisers" of the executive, it is clearly not in any functionally binding sense. It is just at this point, however, that the need of more light is greatest. What we most need to have pointed out is not the legislative steps by which Congress, always tardy in its recognition of administrative necessities, has created the various departments, useful for certain purposes as such information is; but rather such matters as the historical dependence of the President upon, or his independence of, his Cabinet or its individual members; the influence of the Cabinet in shaping executive policies, its relation to public or party opinion, its share in forming legislation, its responsibility for the frequent collisions between the executive and the other branches of the government; in short, its function as a group in the peculiarly organized American federal system. From the standpoint of political science, the problem of the Cabinet is not so much one of the working of administrative machinery under a single executive head whose will must prevail, as of political leadership, in Congress and in the country, under a governmental system of executive independence. We cannot pursue the question further, but we venture to add to our commendation of Mr. Learned's laborious work the hope that he may before long follow his attractive subject into broader fields.

Notes

Among Putnam's forthcoming books are: "Paul the Minstrel, and Other Stories," by Arthur Christopher Benson; "The American Occupation of the Philippines," by James H. Blount; "The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature," by William Eugene Mosher, and "The Forty Martyrs of the Sinai Desert and the Story of Eulogios." The last named, a Cambridge University Press issue, is a transcription of a Palestinian-Syriac and Arabic palimpsest, made by Agnes Smith Lewis.

On the occasion of the Browning centenary Henry James delivered an address before the Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature in London on "The Novel in 'The Ring and the Book.'" It will be printed shortly.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will have ready Saturday week: "The White Hills in Poetry," edited by Eugene R. Musgrove, with an introduction by Samuel M. Crothers; "The Story of Christopher Columbus," by Charles W. Moores; "The English People Overseas," by A. Wyatt Tilby; "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work," by Edwin Percy Whipple, with an introduction by Arlo Bates; "A History of the United States for Grammar Schools," by Reuben G. Thwaites and C. N. Kendall; "The Classical Psychologists," edited by Benjamin Rand, and "A Catalogue of the Collection of Historical Material at Simmons College, Boston."

J. D. Beresford's new story, "A Candidate for Truth," is in the press of Little, Brown & Co.

The Scribners have just imported "Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911: Its History, Operation, Results, Together with a Comparison with the National Insurance Act of 1911," by W. Harbutt Dawson, and "Rose Bertin: The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Mary Antoinette," by Emile Landlade, adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport.

The cultivation of wheat in North America is treated very suggestively by Dr. J. F. Unstead in the *Geographical Journal* for April and May. From a careful study of the climatic conditions, the temperatures and rainfall, he believes there will be an enormous extension of the wheat area, especially in Canada, and that the nine hundred million bushels obtained in 1909 will be increased to nearly two thousand million in the future. Other subjects treated are the Sir Sandford Glacier by H. Palmer, the Antarctic expeditions of 1911-12 by Dr. H. R. Mill, and the island-names in Melanesia by Dr. W. H. R. Rivers. Most of these islands have two names, one of European origin given by an early discoverer, another used by the natives themselves, which is often the one by which it is known to officials, missionaries, and traders. A map accompanies the article.

The New International Year Book for 1912 comes to us reduced in bulk almost by half through the use of thin paper, but counting its regular 800 and odd large pages. Much may be told of a year's happenings in the space of a million words or thereabouts, and this latest volume lives up to the high merits of its predecessors. There is an excellent article on Aeronautics. The year's record in the pure sciences is given under separate heads; and as always there are the highly useful summaries of the political history of the year for every country and for every State in the Union (Dodd, Mead & Co.).

"The Russian Year Book", (Macmillan), by Howard P. Kennard, is an exhaustive volume obviously intended for the merchant and investor. There are elaborate accounts of Russian commercial law, the rights of foreigners, fifty-five pages dealing with the natural resources of the country supplemented by thirty pages on mining and minerals, forty pages on ports, shipping, and foreign trade, sixty-five pages on customs, including a complete translation of the Russian customs tariff, and thirty pages on finance; altogether a wealth of economic detail on Russia that is not accessible elsewhere within the compass of a single volume.

"Leaflets from Italy" (Putnam), by M. Nataline Crumpton, is chiefly made up of a long essay on the Empress Galla Placidia. Two brief studies of St. Monica and of the City of Genoa are added for good measure. It is virtually a memorial volume to one who loved her Italy and sought to know it well. Agreeably written, the essays hardly rise above a gentle and well-bred mediocrity.

The text of Francis Bickley's "Where Dorset Meets Devon" (Dutton) is pretty thin reading. The author has tried to extend to the surrounding country the factitious interest that attaches to Lyme Regis from Louisa's fall; but he has succeeded only indifferently well. The illustrations are pretty.

Do not pick up Percival Pollard's "Vagabond Journeys". (Neale Publ. Co.) to look for guidance in your own journeyings or to learn any important facts concerning European countries. It is frankly declared to consist of impressionistic sketches of "the human comedy at home and abroad," but chiefly abroad. Says the author: "I would ask the reader to explore—myself." So he chatters in expansive fashion of the manufacture of antiques in modern Florence, the secession painters in Munich today, the glittering café life of Paris, the unpredictable pronunciation of the English language in England—in short, of anything that engages his wandering fancy. On all topics he pours forth reminiscence and "enlightened" comment with unfailing diffuseness. Indeed, we might almost conclude there is a conscientious endeavor to make the exploration to which we are invited peculiarly wearisome.

It is pleasant to see that Mrs. William Sharp has undertaken to edit a series of volumes containing a selection of the works which her husband published under his own name. The books are to be similar in make-up to the "Fiona Macleod," which was issued by the same publishers (Duffield & Co.), and which was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of February 16, 1911. Of the new series one volume, containing "Poems," has already appeared. It will be time to write more fully of Sharp's acknowledged works when the present publication has progressed further.

"War-Pictures From Clarendon" (Frowde), edited by R. J. Mackenzie, is, as the title indicates, a selection of passages from Clarendon's history of the Rebellion, so arranged as to give a fairly complete story of the military operations. But some of Clarendon's memorable character-sketches are included, and the book ought to find many readers among those who are frightened away by the bulk of the complete work.

A selection of "Southey's Letters" has been made by M. H. Fitzgerald, and published with sufficient notes. The book, though a handy-sized volume in the Oxford green and gold series, contains material enough to bring the reader into happy familiarity with one of the finest characters of English literature. As a motto for the letters the editor quotes the beautiful words of Thackeray:

We have left his old political landmarks miles and miles behind; we protest against his dogmatism; nay, we begin to forget it and his politics; but I hope his life will not be forgotten, for it is sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection! In the combat between Time and Thalaba, I suspect the former destroyer has conquered; Kehama's curse frightens very few readers now; but Southey's private letters are worth piles of epics, and are sure to last among us as long as kind hearts like to sympathize with goodness and purity, and love and upright life.

Just why the letters which Major Anderson of Fort Sumter fame wrote when he was a captain in Gen. Scott's army in 1847 are printed as a separate volume ("An Artillery Officer in the Mexican War," Put-

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nam) will perhaps become evident when his "Journals and Correspondence" are also published. At the present moment there is a certain timeliness in these letters addressed to his wife by a very fond husband, while he was engaged in the campaign which forced the Mexicans to accept the conditions of peace dictated from Washington. Capt. Anderson was a remarkable example of the professional Christian soldier, trained to observe carefully and to present his ideas clearly. Very little escaped his notice, and he confidently trusted his wife to be interested in everything that interested him. The Mexican war produced rather more books than its importance, in the opinion of two generations later, called for, but Capt. Anderson's contribution is worth much more than most of what has been printed on the subject. There is no better description of the country between Vera Cruz and the Valley of Mexico, as it was in 1847. How closely this description fits Mexico in 1912 is not easy to say. Scarcely a resemblance except in the larger physical features, and the intimate life of the lower classes, was to be noticed a year ago. The events of the past ten months have placed Mexico much nearer where she was in 1845.

The nature of Prof. John Bassett Moore's lectures, "Four Phases of American Development: Federalism, Democracy, Imperialism, Expansion" (The Johns Hopkins Press), which were delivered in Johns Hopkins University, is indicated by their titles. Professor Moore traces briefly the growth of federalism which led to the adoption of the Constitution; the decline of this doctrine, and the growth of democracy, which mean individualism and political particularism. To the military necessities growing out of the Civil War he attributes the growth of what he calls "imperialism," in which he includes both the tendency to increase the power of the Federal Government in domestic affairs, the transformation and growth of the Monroe Doctrine, and the policy relating to the interoceanic canal. In the last lecture he reviews the various wars and treaties which resulted in the acquisition of new territory by the United States. As might be expected from his training and experience, such discussion and analysis show him at his best.

From two of the views expressed by the author we must dissent—in the first place, from the contention that the contest between the North and South as to slavery could have been originally settled "in half-an-hour by any three intelligent and disinterested men whose minds were not biassed by partisanship," but that it became an irreconcilable conflict merely on account of the fanaticism of the abolitionists on the one hand and of the Dred Scott decision on the other hand. This is taking too rosy a view of the willingness of the South to abolish the "peculiar institution." Nor do we agree with the view that the annexation of the Philippines was merely the following of a habit which had characterized the entire national existence. The difference between acquiring territory with the intent of making it an integral part of the national domain, or the exercise of a protectorate for the purpose of guarding American interests, and the acquisition of a colony peopled by an alien race, is fundamental. The fact that, when the question of the status of our insular possessions came before the Supreme Court, no two judges could be found who agreed even as to fundamental principles, shows that the condition is anomalous and at variance with the previous conduct and policy of this country.

"Auvergne and Its People" (Macmillan), by Frances M. Gostling, is the latest of many forlorn attempts to improve upon R. L. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey." It might better have been called "A Writer in Auvergne." For, while Auvergne provides a background, the chief excuse for the book's existence is its naïve self-revelation of the present-day upper-middle-class Englishwoman, with means, the love of travel, and literary aspirations. We learn that the author is still young, that she has a nice automobile, and a husband who is a dear and a doctor, as well as amateur photographer and chauffeur; how he tells her that she always has her own way and what else he said to her and she to him as they motored through Auvergne. She tells us, not perhaps intentionally, how proud she is of being able to talk about "my next book," and how she always means that each chapter shall be the best—and is rather inclined to think it is—and how well the peasantry knew their place when patronized by the "gentry"—and so on and so forth. Also she has read up the legendry of the Puy de Dôme and the exploits of Vercingetorix, which make useful padding when the doctor is silent. If not very valuable as a book, "Auvergne and Its People" must have given great pleasure in the writing.

Of the English versions of Kant's writings hitherto available, that of the "Kritik der Urteilskraft," by Bernard, is certainly the most execrable. J. C. Meredith has therefore rendered a needed service in preparing a fresh translation of about two-thirds of that treatise—the Introduction and First Part, dealing with æsthetics—under the title, "Kant's Critique of Æsthetic Judgment" (The Clarendon Press). He has, save for some neo-British provincialisms which occasionally mar his English, performed this task with great success; the new version is in some respects the best example we have of the difficult art of Kant-translation. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that Mr. Meredith has seen fit to omit from his rendering the whole of the "Critique of Teleological Judgment." For students of the Kantian æsthetics alone, the serviceableness of the volume is increased by a number of introductory essays of an expository and critical character, and by some hundred pages of notes, devoted largely to a comparison of Kant's opinions concerning the beautiful with those of English writers of the eighteenth century.

To the public which has enjoyed J. A. Spender's "The Comments of Bagshot" is now offered a second series, under the same title (Holt). Though not a thinker to cause a conflagration on the Thames, "Bagshot" has a well-balanced head and a certain gift at keeping his feet on the bottom in the turbid shallows of current discussion. Among the fragmentary essays and jottings in which his thought is rather unimpressively presented, one comes here and there upon a moral or political aphorism well-pointed and serviceable for pricking the bubbles of folly as they pass.

The house of E. P. Dutton & Co. is to be congratulated on having published a new edition of "The Life or Legend of Guadama, the Buddha of the Burmese," two volumes, by the Right Rev. P. Bigandet, sometime Bisop of Ramatha *in partibus*, and Vicar Apostolic of Ava and Pegu. This standard book first appeared at Rangoon in 1858, and was greatly enlarged in the second edition, also published at Rangoon, in 1866. From this the third (1879) and the present edition have been reprinted. The body of the work is a translation of the Burmese version of the Pāli, "Mallalinkaravatthu," the original text of which is still inedited, although the Burmese rendering was completed in 1773 A. D.; and the data of this treatise have been supplemented by a translation of the "Tathāgata-udāna," an eighteenth century Burmese life of the Buddha. The account of the Buddha as here set forth is essentially the familiar story common to the Southern, or orthodox, school of Buddhism; its value has too long been recognized to require further emphasis. Another work is a translation of the Burmese version of a Siamese work on "The Seven Ways to Neibban [Nirvāna]," which is of interest as a specimen of the later school of Hīnayāna Buddhist metaphysics. While portions of Bishop Bigandet's volumes are now only of historical interest, such as his "Remarks on the Sites and Names of the Principal Places Mentioned in the Legend," and his summaries of five of the "Dzats" ("Jātakas," or stories of the former incarnations of the historical Buddha), real value still attaches to his description of the "Phongyies" (Buddhist monks of Burma), and he rightly emphasizes a point too often overlooked even to-day—that Buddhism, to be correctly studied, must be investigated, not as an independent religion, but as the outworking of processes already operative in Brahmanism, which, indeed, in India was destined to reabsorb it. The work as it stands has but one small blemish, which may easily be rectified in a subsequent reissue. The majority of students of Buddhism approach their theme with no knowledge of Burmese, but with at least a working acquaintance with Pāli, many words of which appear in corrupted forms in Burmese. A list of such equivalents (and a good index) would make the book far more convenient for reference and study. Even simple terms like *dzedi* (*chetiya*, "shrine"), *dzan* (*jhāna*, "religious contemplation"), *tsekiawaday* (*chakkavattin*, "universal monarch"), and *pounha* ("Brahman") look somewhat strange at first, and many of the proper names become almost unintelligible to the ordinary Pāli scholar in their Burmese guise.

"Why the World Laughs" (Harper), by Charles Johnston, is not a psychological dissection of the sense of comedy. It is merely a compilation, an entertaining one, to be sure, of the witty sayings and humorous stories of mankind, "from China to Peru." The intermittent effort to point out the distinctive quality of the racial sense of humor in each country does not add to the value of the collection. We may add that two natives of Turkey now attending Columbia University read the chapters on Ottoman proverbs and tales, but found therein nothing characteristic of their comic literature. The concluding chapter, indeed, "The Essence of American Humor," is a serious

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attempt to distinguish between wit and humor, and to prove that "the best American humor stands preëminent throughout the world and through all time," because it is unconscious of racial differences. The distinction is familiar. The thesis is far from convincingly upheld. But the chapter does illustrate how difficult is the analysis which seeks to discover the individual and the distinctive in national humor. As a fund of pithy sayings and amusing stories the book should furnish a *vade mecum* for the after-dinner speaker and the professional lecturer. Mr. Johnston plies a facile pen, tells his tale cleverly, and coins or captures many a neatly turned phrase.

The Missouri Historical Society of St. Louis has just published No. 4 of Volume III of its Collections, which contains two contributions of general interest. The first is Auguste Chouteau's "Journal of the Founding of St. Louis," printed here in French and translation for the first time. The Journal is only a fragment of the original, which was loaned by Col. Chouteau to Jean N. Nicollet, and was partially destroyed while in his possession. The account of events commences with the year 1762 and ends some time in 1764, when the first houses had been erected in the new village, the site of which Laclede, the founder, had chosen because he believed it would become a great commercial centre. The second contribution is a continuation of Judge Douglas's "Life of Manuel Lisa," who was one of the first and most daring of the fur traders on the Missouri River. The narrative is interwoven with many letters and documents, hitherto unprinted, and must be regarded as a most important contribution to the early history of the fur trade.

Clifford Stevens Walton, an international lawyer, author, and for several years Consul-General for Paraguay in the United States, died last week at his home in Washington, aged fifty-one. He studied law at the University of Madrid, and wrote two books on legal subjects: "The Civil Law in Spain and Spanish America" and "Leyes Commerciales Maritimas de la America Latina."

James Henry Haynie, for many years foreign correspondent of American newspapers, died a week ago at his home near Boston, in his seventy-first year. He was decorated with the crosses of the French Legion of Honor and the Greek Royal Order of the Saviour. Two books bear his name—"Paris, Past and Present" and "The Captains and the Kings."

Capt. Lionel James Trotter, once a member of the English army, whose death in his eighty-fifth year is reported, wrote biographies of several soldiers and statesmen, among them John Nicholson, Warren Hastings, Dalhousie, and Lord Auckland. He was also the author of a "History of India," in which country he served many years.

Louis Henry Aymé, Consul-General for the United States at Lisbon, died last week in that city, at the age of fifty-seven. He early entered the consular service, and represented his country in several lands. Among his wide interests were archæology and certain branches of science, upon which he has written monographs. He was also the author of "Notes on Mitla."

Science

"Waterways Versus Railways," by Harold G. Moulton, and "The Laws of Supply and Demand, with Special Reference to Their Influences on Overproduction and Unemployment," by George Binney Dibblee, are announced by Houghton Mifflin Co.

A timely little manual on "Making a Tennis Court" is published by McBride, Nast & Co. The author is George E. Walsh.

To celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of its founding, the American Geographical Society of New York plans this summer to conduct a transcontinental excursion, under the direction of Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard. Though the list of participants is not yet completed, it now includes above forty geographers from sixteen different countries. Among the foreigners are: Partsch, Drygalski, Merzbacher, and Jaeger of Germany; Gallois, Margerie, and Vacher of France; Chisholm, Beckit, and Falconer of Great Britain; Niermeyer and Oestreich of Holland; Lecointe of Belgium; Beltrán of Spain, Silva-Telles of Portugal, Brückner and Oberhummer of Austria, Cholnoky and Teleki of Hungary, Cvijic of Servia, Doubiansky and Schokalsky of Russia, Andersson of Sweden, Olufsen of Denmark, Brunhes, Chaix, and Nussbaum of Switzerland, and Calciati, Marinelli, and Vinceguerra of Italy. The excursion train will leave New York about August 22, and will touch at Niagara, Detroit, Chicago, Madison, St. Paul—probably Duluth and the iron region—the Yellowstone Park, Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and probably San Francisco, and several other important cities. It will return in the early part of October. Proficient geographers who would like to join the party should address the director, care of the Society's new quarters, Broadway and One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street. A large reception, the date of which is to be announced later, will be given in New York.

"Gardens and Their Meaning" (Ginn), by Dora Williams, is the misleading title of a little book that would have been named more appropriately "A Plea for the School Garden." A fervent plea it is indeed, but not an altogether wise one. The great interests of the twentieth century, in the opinion of Miss Williams, are science—"The vertebræ of civilized life to-day"—and coöperation, or brotherhood, which, as the author treats it, is a hitherto neglected phase of science. Her argument begins with an unlimited acceptance of the Rousseauistic "education by actualities." According to Charles W. Eliot, "the most workable laboratory is the school garden," and since we need laboratories more than books, let us institute the school garden, not as an annex to the school, but as an integral part of it. In this garden, the pupils will develop spontaneously, like corn and pumpkins, and coöperation will replace competition. Instead of marks, we shall hear of edibility and saleability; indeed, "one begins to wish that all the products of a school were of such a nature that they might be carried to market." The joy of service will enable even a half-witted boy, the dunce of the class, to attain results in gardening that will place him with the "brightest" pupils. Two words, science and coöperation, recur insistently in this study of the true meaning of gardens; but, although what Miss Williams has to say of science is usually accurate and sensible, what she says of coöperation is often absurd. "The very ones," she writes, "who are hot for science training in the schools are sometimes lukewarm in the matter of training for coöperation." Miss Williams is indeed extremely "hot" for both.

The first edition of Prof. Charles S. Myers's "Text-Book of Experimental Psychology" met with wide approval. The second, which now comes from the Cambridge Press (Longmans, Green, in this country), ought to become much more popular among teachers. It surpasses its predecessor in arrangement, scope, and form. There are now two volumes, instead of one. The first contains the treatise, the second the laboratory exercises.

The free use of stencils and patterns has long been the plague of psychological textbooks. So closely have such works followed a few stock designs in arrangement and content that a person familiar with two or three specimens might almost write off the complete table of contents and some sample pages of twenty other volumes which he had never seen. In the past five years, however, there has been a sharp reaction. And, as ever, the other extreme is approached. Prof. Robert M. Yerkes's "Introduction to Psychology" (Holt) resembles a number of other recent works only in that it is unlike all others. To begin with, its preface is put into the first chapter, "because it is intended to be read." This trick is not whimsical, but indicative of a serious purpose; namely, that of teaching first of all the status and ideals of psychology. The second peculiarity is the total absence of physics and nervous physiology. The author believes these subjects must be studied independently, which is another way of saying that they have long since become too technical and too important to be passed out dilute, as in so many psychological textbooks. A third peculiarity is the elimination of nearly all experimental work requiring apparatus. What remains is a pretty full summary of established results. Description is first given of most conspicuous psychical types. Then follows a brief history of mental development—the least satisfactory section in the book—and after that an excellent recapitulation of mental laws. The so-called psycho-physical and motor problems receive separate consideration, and there is a suggestive closing chapter on the control of mental life, wherein is set forth the assistance the science ought to render to education and eugenics. Professor Yerkes offers an almost too great wealth of information throughout, and occasionally grazes upon interests far beyond the beginner's ken. But the clear, well-accentuated order, and the sharp distinctions everywhere drawn, amply offset this virtuous defect.

There appears to be nothing distinctly original in the "Notes on Qualitative Analysis" (Van Nostrand), by Horace G. Byers and Henry G. Knight. Relatively to the size of the book, a disproportionate amount of space has been devoted to the detailed development of the mass action law and ionic theory. These matters are more satisfactorily treated in a good course in general

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chemistry, which should precede. Under the heading Qualitative Illustration (pp. 31-56) are given detailed explanations, in terms of the law of mass action and the theory of electrolytic dissociation, of the fairly large number of qualitative facts utilized in the classification of the metals into groups, as well as the separation of the component members of each group. These the student is expected to follow and understand before he has become experimentally acquainted with the facts. It would be pedagogically better to supply this information in connection with the laboratory work it is intended to explain. In part ii, which deals with the practical work of analysis, we find scarcely a reference to the principles which the authors have been at great pains to explain in the fifty-six preceding pages. The schemes of analysis are open to objection in that they do not provide in the form of additional notes the necessary supplementary information intended to explain results other than those mentioned in the scheme, results which are only obtainable under *ideal conditions*. The quantitative feature in qualitative work is completely ignored in this book; students are expected to prepare their first unknown mixtures from directions which do not include the question of quantity; this is a serious blunder. There are a few misstatements of fa ts and a number of minor typographical errors.

Thomas Muir's "Theory of Determinants," Vol. II (Macmillan) presents the history of the subject in the order of its development, embracing the period from 1841 to 1860, just as the previous volume covered the long period from the discovery of determinants (by Leibniz in 1693) to 1841. The work presupposes in the reader a good knowledge of the doctrine of determinants and is not a suitable textbook for a beginner in the subject, but it may be profitably used side by side with such a book.

J. H. Walsh's "Practical Methods in Arithmetic" (Heath), J. H. Van Huyl's "Complete Business Arithmetic" (American Book Co.), and G. S. Kimball's "Commercial Arithmetic" (Putnam) are all of them intelligent attempts to meet the demand for arithmetical instruction adapted to the needs and uses of the modern world of industry. A like attempt, on a somewhat higher scientific level, is that of Messrs. Wentworth and Smith in their "Vocational Algebra" (Ginn), in which simple explanations are given of elementary processes and formulæ that in various guises are employed in trade and industry.

Drama

AUGUST STRINDBERG.

By a happy chance, public attention in this country was directed to the personality and works of Sweden's most eminent writer at least a few months before his death, which was recorded in the *Nation* of last week. Not that he was unknown here before. But recently the newspapers and periodicals had printed much about him; one of his plays, "The Father," was performed the past season in New York, and plans were making to bring out others. Still others have just been published in an excellent English translation.*

One glance at the portrait of Strindberg which forms the frontispiece of this volume is almost enough to reveal the secret of his life—his wild energy, both of intellect and imagination. From the start his career has shown the spirit of unremitting, defiant curiosity. The son of a former barmaid, by whom his father, a tradesman of respectable origin, had previously had two illegitimate children, the boy August despised the conventional groove. At the University of Upsala he read with the tremendous earnestness of one destined to fashion his own fortune. In rapid succession, after quitting the university (he was too impatient of the curriculum to take a degree), he plunged into a study of medicine, tried to be an actor, gained some knowledge of the Chinese language, taught school, and experimented in several types of literature, among which were attempts to reform current views on Swedish history and on the conditions of marriage.

Strindberg married three times, yet knew no peace, separating even from his last wife. He looked for the solution of life's riddle in a study of alchemy, but found instead temporary insanity. When restored to health, he characteristically made use of his terrible experience to write a treatise on abnormal psychology. Latterly he had cut himself off from the world and devoted much time to sacred reading. He has been called variously a realist and a mystic, and in the latter capacity likened to Maeterlinck, from whom, it is true, he got some suggestions. In Maeterlinck, however, there has never been such fierce intellectual energy. A fairer comparison, to my thinking, is with that stalwart, tragic Elizabethan, John Donne. Donne applied his mind as bravely and almost as widely to cosmic forces as the Swede. Like him, he deemed practicable life utterly material, having curiously a similar cynicism towards women; and, beaten by his purely rational searchings, turned for help, but with little avail, to as wild an imagination as Strindberg's; his final years were likewise spent in religious meditation.

It is little wonder that Strindberg has made a profound impression upon Sweden. The breadth of his mental adventure has gone with little disguise into his writings. Not for a long time have the works of a notable author borne so unmistakably the mark of himself. His development is too complex to be traced in a short paper, and his writings are too numerous and varied to receive individual mention. They include, besides his many dramas, poems, stories, satires, and historical and scientific treatises—in all, enough volumes to fill a good-sized shelf. His judgment of life, however, remained pretty constant and can be illustrated fully enough by reference to a very few of his works as dramatist, which, after all, was his most significant rôle. His judgment is always twofold—society is condemned by reason and by imagination. So far as I can observe, his metaphysical speculations were compounded of these two elements only.

I.

The two portions of his criticism are, naturally, not always fused. In dealing, for instance, with his *bête noire*, marriage, the imaginative usually serves only as final confirmation standing somewhat apart; or at most enters periodically in the form of a yearning sigh for the things that are not. No better example of this method can be found than the play which he himself admitted describes his own feelings on the occasion of the first divorce—"The Link," written in 1897. Its structure is of the slightest, the action being confined to the courtroom. There there is presented the ugly spectacle of a couple with whom wrangling has become the first instinct. Braced by a previous agreement against the chance of their breaking out upon each other in public, they are led by the prodding of the judge with whom rests the disposal of their child, from mild recriminations to the most shameless revelation of their past life together. As might be inferred, the woman provokes the whole series of disgraceful outbursts; the man is, for the most part, strictly logical, and answers back in self-defence. The climax is deferred by the reader's uncertainty as to what their genuine affection for the child will at length induce them to do. Recollection of it, the link, in turn stills and aggravates their rancor. They decide to begin all over again, only to have the bitterness of their relation sweep the resolve aside as impossible. With the utmost ingenuity they play upon each other's weaknesses and upon the hideousness of past moments. As Strindberg manipulates it, the man's course of action is made to seem perfectly reasonable. Yet it is the reason of the mind, not at all of the heart, and suggests not infrequently Bernard Shaw's similar ratiocination. One never gets the impression of great generous impulses lurking behind the word. Marriage, logically examined, is seen to be full of lies, wretched compromises, and diabolical meanness. The final words of the play buttress this conclusion by the test of the imagination:

Baroness: I shall never go back to my mother. Never! I shall go out on the highroads and into the woods so that I may

*"Plays: The Dream Play, The Link, The Dance of Death, Parts I and II," by August Strindberg, translated with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

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find a hidingplace where I can scream—scream myself tired against God, who has put this infernal love into the world as a torment for us human creatures—and when night comes, I shall seek shelter in the Pastor's barn, so that I may sleep near my child.

Baron: You hope to sleep to-night—you?

Marriage is anathema from God and is a central injustice of our existence. For what else can it be called when placed beside that ideal of which it is impossible not to dream? The reality tortures by its suggestion of what might and ought to be. Strindberg searches marriage in similar fashion in other plays, among them "The Father" (1887) wherein he relates how a wife drives her husband insane by the false implication that he is not the parent of their child; and, much more elaborately, in "The Dance of Death" (1901). Here the disillusions of a poor captain, mated to a high-strung woman, reach to a sweeping horror. The theme, it must be admitted, is powerfully worked out, though analysis on the part of the reader again reveals the author's denial that magnanimous feelings can exist and direct in marriage. The method of his judgment here foreshadows the form it was soon to take.

II.

For though his outlook continued the same, he learned to apply it in subtle fashion, imagination and reason working in close conjunction. On that account many have jumped to the conclusion that he turned mystic. He was never strictly that, as we shall see. Fortunately, he has given the world in a single work a full reflection of this side of himself in typical operation, namely, in "The Dream Play" (1902). A careful study of this drama, of its form as well as of its thought, is necessary before one shall try to estimate the worth and effect of his philosophy.

Looked at superficially, "The Dream Play" appears to be nothing more formidable than a phantasy, like "Peter Pan." Indra's Daughter, who may stand for a sister of Christ, for Astræa, or for any other embodiment of divine justice, descends to earth, and, after living here for some indefinite period during which she marries a poor lawyer and sees much suffering and confusion all about her, reveals the secret of life. "In the morning of the ages, before the sun was shining, Brahma, the divine primal force, let himself be persuaded by Maya, the world-mother, to propagate himself. This meeting of the divine primal matter with the earth-matter was the fall of heaven into sin. Thus the world, existence, mankind, are nothing but a phantom, an appearance, a dream-image." Life's complications are explained by the Daughter as meaning that, "in order to free themselves from the earth-matter, the offspring of Brahma seek privation and suffering. There you have suffering as a liberator." Yet craving for suffering is brought into conflict with craving for enjoyment, or love. "Do you now understand what love is, with its utmost joys merged into its utmost sufferings, with its mixture of what is most sweet and most bitter? Can you now grasp what woman is? Woman, through whom sin and death found their way into life?" And the end of it all? "Conflict between the pain of enjoyment and the pleasure of suffering—between the pangs of the penitent and the joys of the prodigal." This is sufficiently paradoxical even for a phantasy.

Other features of the play equally keep pace with a dream's quick fancy. There is excellent variety, both of setting and character. With the castle of life in the background to give a certain stability, scenes in the foreground shift amazingly before your very eyes. The following direction is not an exaggerated instance of the sudden transformations that are required:

Without lowering the curtain, the stage changes to a lawyer's office, and in this manner. The gate remains, but as a wicket in the railing running clear across the stage. The gate-keeper's lodge turns into the private enclosure of the lawyer, and it is now entirely open to the front. The linden, leafless, becomes a hat tree. The billboard is covered with legal notices, and court decisions. The door with the four-leaved clover hole forms part of a document chest.

The scene ranges from the North to the Mediterranean. All classes of people are represented, and life in the large is aptly caught by vistas of whole communities, now in squalor, again bright with color and motion. To keep all this material from disintegrating—for the play has no particular plot, being simply a series of animated pictures—some half-a-dozen themes periodically recur. The continual expectation that a certain room of the castle will be unlocked which holds the secret of life; the frequent return of the officer to see if his beloved Victoria has come out from the opera; the refrain chanted by the Daughter, "Men are to be pitied," are just definite enough to keep one from concluding hastily that the play is altogether a wild-goose chase. Some of the fancy, of a childish sort and employed merely to add strangeness to a grown-up world, is handled as surely as the rest and bespeaks the author's versatility.

III.

Reckoned as a phantasy, pure and simple, "The Dream Play" is highly diverting, in spite of its melancholy exhibit of wretchedness. But it is much more. Strindberg had used this form more than once where it was evident that he had a serious purpose. It is unquestionably best suited to his strange blend of realistic and subversive mind. Nor are his well-known views greatly hidden. After the marriage of the Daughter to the Lawyer there is a scene which might do duty in "The Link." The hopeless round of daily life where two beings rasp each other, the degradation of unrelieved poverty, the inability to escape with honor, and the slender chance that their child may effect a reconciliation, are described in the usual manner.

The flings in "The Dream Play" at conventional ideas are also quite sincere. Many of them are found in a series of his satires on society. "Who is it," asks the Daughter—"I have forgotten—that crucified Him?" "All the right-minded," answers the Poet. And again:

The Daughter. Why don't men do something to improve their lot?

The Lawyer. Oh, they try, of course, but all the improvers end in prison or in the madhouse——

The Daughter. Who puts them in prison?

The Lawyer. All the right-minded, all the respectable——

The Daughter. Who sends them to the madhouse?

The Lawyer. Their own despair when they grasp the hopelessness of their efforts.

In the light of Strindberg's own reformative failures, ending in mental breakdown, it is not fanciful to regard the above comments as genuinely his. Scene after scene drives home life's injustice and wrongheadedness. The audience is taken for the nonce to the shores of the Mediterranean. A deep-blue sea, orange trees with ripe fruit, and Italian villas fill the prospect with delight. "This is paradise!" the Daughter exclaims. It is until she notices two coal-heavers on the shore. Though they are black to the waist with dust, they may not have a swim because even the waterfront is private property. A gentleman passes by who says he is taking a walk so that he can eat something. "So that he *can* eat something!" yells the first heaver. Children entering cry with horror at sight of the grimy workers—at them who are the foundation of society! In another scene music is heard on a hill, and it appears that the fatted calf is to be slain to honor the return of Lena's sister, who went astray in the city; "but Lena, who stayed at home, has to carry slop pails and feed the pigs."

If these are only apparent wrongs, it is easy for Strindberg to prove the topsy-turviness fundamental. Take the four university faculties—theology, philosophy, medicine, jurisprudence—and what agreement can you wring from them on any subject whatsoever? The four appear on the stage wrangling about the contents of the secret room which has been opened. "Four heads," says the Daughter, "four minds, and one body. Who made that monster?" Some will recall Strindberg's similar satire on legal procedure in "The Link."

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Truth, upon which society should build, will never be guessed by those in whose keeping it is usually placed. The poet is the only competent judge. But what is poetry? "Not reality, but more than reality—not dreaming, but daylight dreams—":

The Poet. And the man children think that we poets are only playing—that we invent and make believe.

The Daughter. And fortunate it is, my friend, for otherwise the world would lie fallow for lack of ministration. . . . Nobody would be touching plough or spade, hammer or plane.

In a word, the poet's and Strindberg's truth—real truth—is destructive of society in anything like its present form. Which does not make society any the better or more tolerable. Every human relation contains uncompensated cruelty; no joy can be felt by one without pain given to another.

Apart from their settings these are no more than sharp instances gathered by a mind on the look-out for logical flaws in life. Within the play, they are elevated by the imagination and seem for the moment to have general, symbolic values. I can scarcely illustrate by short examples how his imagination produces its large effect. It is, above all, insinuating, all the more so because it ranges lightly. By his touch a stage-setting becomes gently permeated with the situation it enfolds. With more humor than Ibsen he catches the bigger bearings of a theme without letting it become over-ominous or sultry. The dead-weight atmosphere of "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" is replaced in "The Dream Play," which, considering its subject, might easily have degenerated into a nightmare, by airiness and diversion. He creates ulterior meanings by attaching mundane situations, for the moment, to the paradoxes lying at the heart of existence. The method is vague, but not ineffective. Yet, when operating on a small scale, his imagination is as precise as his chop-logic. The Lawyer, unhappily married to the Daughter, comes upon her in company with the Officer and discovers some tell-tale hairpins:

Look at this one. You see two prongs, but it is only one pin. It is two, yet only one. If I bend it open, it is a single piece. If I bend it back, there are two, but they remain one for all that. It means: these two are one. But if I break—like this!—then they become two.

The conceit, perfectly in character, suggests not a little the speech of Othello: "Put out the light, and then put out the light," etc. At times his imagination is as startling as a stab. When the meanness of man has been exposed, the Daughter asks suddenly, "You have seen a brain—what roundabout and sneaking paths——" Continually he gives the impression of getting below the surface even when talking nonsense. A ship is seen wrecked, the whole crew being lost. "And lo; the life-buoy—which saved itself and let distressed men perish!"

Such precision and shrewdness in managing details bestow a certain *a priori* force upon his imagination in more ambitious attempts. The Daughter picks up a shell in Fingal's Cave and, placing it to her ear, interprets the silent voices of the air by a haunting melancholy lyric. Upon analysis, what passes at first glance for imaginative purpose is often merely his zest for the whimsical, which he paints so thoroughly and with such seeming belief in it as to be disarming. On nothing does his fancy play more subtly than on the notion that men are but impotent shadow-shapes. He illustrates it in a dozen different pictures, no one of which is quite cogent, but each of which has at least the effect of an insistent motif, especially when reinforced by the refrain, "Men are to be pitied," All roads lead to the conviction that life is a wretched image of some beyond. "Do you know," asks the Daughter, "what I see in this mirror? The world turned the right way! —Yes, indeed, for naturally we see it upside down." "You have said it!" exclaims the Lawyer, ". . . The copy—I have always had the feeling that it was a spoiled copy."

IV.

One cannot follow Strindberg's gropings for truth without feeling keenly the man's tragedy. High ideals he certainly had, too high, alas! For, like Donne, he could never reconcile them with life. He scanned human existence with a passionate desire to know what it means and to help mankind; he found it to be only a brutal joke. That he was doomed to failure there can be no question. His mind never attained to a thoroughgoing system, or control. Skill in gathering and managing individual moments of life led him to generalize too hastily. What he might have achieved, especially as a dramatist, if he had got a more largely rational outlook, one can only surmise. His close observation and quick, sympathetic fancy furnish a rare conjunction; if properly directed, they are the stuff that masterpieces are made of. But taken as it is, even at its best, his work is instinct with futility. His predilection, considering his limitations, for the spectacular phantasy as a vehicle of serious thought, is in itself a sign of weakness. It is the form which offers the readiest escape from defeat whenever one's purpose becomes embarrassed. If you are not quite clear how to proceed, introduce an airy ballet, or fall into intangible lyrics, or hide behind some other *divertissement*.

Many, however, have called "The Dream Play" acceptable symbolism, even while they reject its central teachings, in much the same way that persons who are not romanticists may chance to be moved by "Chantecler." The point is important for one attempting to place Strindberg's best work as literature. Rostand in "Chantecler" made much use, it is true, of symbolism. His universal goddess, Light, reflects with very various *nuances* the illuminating genius of poetic art, and the whole surface of the barnyard throws off a rainbow of subtle meanings. But Rostand had first constructed a definite framework, well articulated, to give the more transitory moods of the situation position and point. The underlying fable, or allegory, is applied with great niceness and leads step by step to a preconceived vision and outlook. The result is a perfectly intelligible microcosm, which one may cherish or discard. In "The Dream Play" there is no such structure. Though more thrilling, the piece is hardly more vital than the several dramatic spectacles which have been presented this year on the English and American stage. Gorgeous details of fancy, glimpses into a beyond, and all the other devices seek to convey the impression that the unusual atmosphere is symbolic of something which it is desirable to feel and surrender to, even though it is too fleeting and wayward to be entirely deciphered.

I do not, of course, presume to say that all of Strindberg's dramatic output is good for nought. Certain abuses he powerfully lampooned. Yet the effect is vitiated by the constant recollection that the reforms are founded upon a mistaken view of life. If Strindberg were now living and a young man there would be hope that he would outgrow his anomalous point of view. In youth it might easily be set down as the result of fearless curiosity exerted in many directions without enough time given to assimilate and unify.

H. DE W. F.

Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, who are still finding profit in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," have a new play which they will try in the English provinces this autumn, and hope to produce in London next spring.

"Kismet" is to be produced soon in Berlin, at the Künstler Theater. Herr Stern, Max Reinhardt's stage manager, will be the director and Max Pallenberg will play Hajj. There is a probability of the piece being played in Paris with Guitry as the beggar.

The Stage Society of London has given with notable success, "The Bias of the World," a translation of "Los Intereses Creados," of the Spanish dramatist, Beneventes.

"The Crisis" is the name of a new play by Paul Bourget and André Beaunier, which has just been produced at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. The theme of it is the degrading effect of politics upon character, and certainly the picture which it draws of a supposed French statesman is not a flattering one. Gisèle Prieurs, a charming widow, who has been the innocent victim of a scandal, has become the mistress of M. Rivardin, a man of lofty political ambitions and brilliant prospects. She has a

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salon and admiring friends, is moderately respected, and tolerably happy, but is not so young as she was, and longs for marriage. This Laurent Bernard, a Socialistic Deputy, offers her, but Rivardin refuses, on the ground—he is Prime Minister now—that such an alliance would be fatal to his Administration. But he does not wish to lose Gisèle, and sees in Bernard a dangerous rival. So he offers him a Cabinet position on the sole condition that he shall see no more of Gisèle, or, at least, that he shall promise not to marry her. When Bernard refuses the bargain, Rivardin tells him the old scandal about Gisèle, declaring her to have been a false wife before she was a kept woman. A bloodless duel follows, and then comes a scene in which the two men are confronted with Gisèle. Rivardin now proposes marriage, but she gives her hand to the more high-minded Bernard. The play contains some strong scenes, and much brilliant dialogue, but it is criticised as untrue, and Rivardin is called a travesty. Madame Réjane acted admirably as Gisèle.

Music

Seventeen volumes of Wagner's letters have been printed, and there are more to come. A uniform edition of those so far published is announced by Breitkopf & Härtel. The first two volumes contain those addressed to his first wife, the third those written to other members of his family. To Uhlig, Fischer, and Heine, those in Vol. IV are addressed. Mathilde and Otto Wesendonck were the recipients of the letters printed in Vols. V and VI. Those to the publishers, Brietkopf & Härtel, and Schotts Söhne, add two more volumes, and one is taken up with the correspondence with Liszt (including Liszt's replies). Volumes X to XIII bear the names of Theodor Apel, August Röckel, F. Prager, and Eliza Wille as the persons addressed, while in Vols. XIV to XVI are miscellaneous missives to many persons who were concerned with the Bayreuth festivals in an artistic or business capacity, Vol. XVII contains a sort of aftermath, letters addressed to friends and contemporaries from the earliest years to the last period of his career.

Verdi and Wagner were born the same year (1813), and while the Germans are preparing to celebrate Wagner with an *éclat* surpassing even the Liszt festivities of the season just ended, the Italians will show appreciation of their greatest musical genius in many ways. One of these will be the publication of his correspondence. A few weeks ago, at the Villa Sant' Agata, which Verdi occupied to the end of his life, Boito and a number of other eminent Italians opened the box containing the literary remains and were, as the Milan *Perseveranza* reports, astonished at the rich find. Five folios were filled with Verdi's correspondence with publishers, extending from 1830 to 1890. The letters to his librettist, Ghislanzoni, will make a large volume. There were found many operatic sketches, both musical and poetic; some of the unused melodies were adjudged equal to the best that Verdi has given to the world, and of special interest is his own sketch, partly in prose, partly in verse, of the "King Lear" he had intended to compose. There are also fragments of a "History of the Popes," which Verdi started to write.

The complete correspondence of Verdi has been placed by his heir, Mme. Marla Carara, into the hands of an editor, Signor Scherillo. It will be published shortly.

Humperdinck left Berlin some weeks ago to recuperate at Meran. During the summer he will be an inmate of the Villa Falconieri, near Rome, which the German Emperor procured as a home for invalid artists.

One of the scenic surprises of the Berlin production of Mozart's "Magic Flute" was the use of motion pictures on a larger scale than had been seen before. It was in representing a waterfall, and the "transparent" reached the unprecedented height of ten yards. The films had been exposed in Switzerland and the Tyrol. In the revival of "The Magic Flute" at the Metropolitan next season, the Berlin setting will be used as a model.

The plan of attempting to soften the hearts of culprits in prison by means of music is being tried in England. An orchestra has been engaged for a special prison *tournée*. The beginning was made at Maidstone, where the programme included Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" march, Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, "Two Elegiac Melodies" by Grieg, and the same composer's "Peer Gynt" suite, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, and Meyerbeer's "Coronation March." The deepest impression was obviously made by the Schubert and the Grieg music, which seemed "like a message from heaven."

Art

In "Rambles in the Pyrenees," which Murray of London is publishing, Hamilton Jackson has much to say about the architecture of the country visited.

A handsome volume containing "A Descriptive Bibliography of the Most Important Books in the English Language Relating to the Art and History of Engraving and the Collecting of Prints," is promised shortly by Ellis of London. The volume, which is the work of Howard C. Levis, is limited to 350 numbered copies (325 only for sale), and the price to subscribers, which will be raised after publication, is £2 12s. 6d. net.

A summer session of the School of American Archæology will be held in Santa Fé and at the ruins in El Rito de los Frijoles near by, August 1-30, inclusive. Lectures will be given and research work conducted by the school's regular staff.

A few miles from Vicovaro, on the presumed site of Horace's Sabine farm, a Roman villa of the second century A. D. has been found, with interesting baths; but nothing has as yet come to light which can be held contemporary with the poet. At Sorrento some fine fragments of statuary have been unearthed, which belong, probably, to the pediment of a temple, and at Pæstum a fine statue of Claudius and various buildings of the Roman period have been discovered. Important excavations are carried on at Terranova Pausania, the ancient Olbia, in the northwest corner of Sardinia, where portions of the city wall, with a postern gate and towers, have been found. These must have been constructed to fortify the town soon after the island had passed into the hands of the Romans at the end of the third century B. C.

In a lecture at the Continental Hotel in Cairo, Prof. Flinders Petrie gave a preliminary account of his recent discoveries in Egypt. Excavations were carried on at different sites, so that the results are of varied character. An extensive cemetery was found about thirty-five miles south of Cairo, which dates from the earliest historic age down to the Pyramid period. Among the most interesting objects brought to light are pieces of clothing and coffins made of wood, basket-work, reeds, or withies, all in a remarkable state of preservation; also, bed-frames, sometimes retaining the rush-work webbing or decorative plaiting of palm fibre, with beautifully tapered poles and carved bulls' legs to support them. Of less perishable material were about 300 alabaster vases and dishes and a great quantity of pottery. In one tomb were found pottery jars, with drawings of the fore part and the hind part of a zebra. In another were impressions of four sealings of King Narmer-Mena, not hitherto known. At Heliopolis some surprising discoveries have been made, traces of another obelisk having come to light, beside the well-known obelisk on that site. At Memphis, work is progressing rapidly, and an alabaster sphinx, weighing about eighty tons, has been unearthed. The annual exhibition of antiquities will be held at University College, London, in June and July.

In general characterization of "The Book of Decorative Furniture, its Form, Color, and History" (Putnam), by Edwin Foley, a copiously illustrated work, now completed with the appearance of the second volume, there is not much to add to the review of Volume I which appeared in the *Nation* of June 8, 1911. The book is decidedly interesting to the student of the historical development of furniture. Mr. Foley continues to indulge in divagations, interspersed with regrets over the lack of space to deal properly with certain details of his subject. Such desultoriness is accented by the manner in which the descriptive text of two pages before each color-plate is set, being continuous with the general reading matter. Thus, from page 4, for example, you pass on to page 7. Nor are the plates necessarily concerned with the matter of the adjacent text: Georgian furniture is sandwiched into mediæval, and in the midst of an array of British art you get not unpleasant surprises in the shape of a plate each of Asiatic furniture and the "naïve charm" of Austro-Hungarian peasant art.

The consideration of the influence of surroundings as well as of material is wisely adhered to, and is underscored in references, such as the one (p. 362) to Georgian furniture as "a distinctly English interpretation of home life." In the second chapter, on our Colonial Furniture, appreciation is shown in the statement regarding the "fanback" chair used by Thomas Jefferson: "apart from historical associations, its lines are so convenient, comfortable, and inexpensive, that one marvels at the scarcity of the pattern in England." Statements concerning Chinese

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influence before Chambers (p. 10), or the ante-Empire occurrence of classical motifs in the Louis XVI period (p. 270), or the indebtedness of Adam to Pergolesi, "more marked" than that to Piranesi (p. 97), will help to revise some general conceptions. The usefulness of the book is increased by tables of designers and periods, plates of typical details of decoration and color reproductions of woods, a classified bibliography indicating periods dealt with in each one of the books mentioned, a glossary of terms which might have been extended, and an index which is apparently the result of an honest effort to furnish a key to all details.

"Art, Artists, and Landscape Painting" (Longmans), by William J. Laidlay, is an odd confessional book and by no means uninteresting. Mr. Laidlay treats the painters' profession from many aspects. He is ready to advise on colors and sketching kits and on the relation of the artist to society. Much of this advice is sensible, a certain portion naturally represents idiosyncrasy. It certainly is good counsel not to sketch too long every year at the expense of picture-making. There is something to be said, too, for adding *premier coup* and bravura after the picture has first been carefully painted. Mr. Laidlay holds that artists, being hopeless individualists, might as well give up trying to improve their condition through organization. All the same, he concludes his book with a petition to the King of England to reform away the favoritism of the Royal Academy. The book contains considerable matter of an anecdotal sort and is fully illustrated.

Daniel Cady Eaton, professor emeritus of the history and criticism of art at Yale University, died at New Haven on Saturday. He was graduated from Yale in 1860.

Finance

NEW POINTS OF VIEW.

Of the two especially interesting movements which have occurred in the recent markets, it may be said that each has a particular significance of its own. Both the price of wheat and the price of stocks have declined simultaneously with considerable rapidity, just as their price advanced simultaneously six or eight weeks ago. Ordinarily, one might expect the stock market to advance when the grain market declines, and *vice versa;* for a decline in wheat should mean better prospects for the crops and therefore brighter outlook for railway and industrial enterprises, while a violent rise in wheat, foreshadowing short crops, would usually be interpreted as a bad sign for general business. But the past week's simultaneous decline in stocks and in wheat may perhaps be most fairly characterized by saying that the one reaction resulted from premature expectations of good in the general investment field, while the other resulted from premature expectations of evil in the season's agriculture.

The wheat market's case is particularly interesting. Between April 1, when dispatches began to come in of damage to the winter wheat crop, and the second week of May, when the Government's unfavorable crop report was published, the price of wheat at Chicago rose from $1.01 to $1.18½ per bushel; between May 10 and Monday of this week, it declined from $1.18½ to $1.11½. In other words, it has lost nearly half of the season's earlier advance, and this was clearly attributable to the fact that the grain trade's ideas of two or three weeks ago, regarding the actual damage to the crop, now appear to have been very greatly exaggerated.

The grain crop outlook is by no means all that one might wish it to be; but this is one of the incidents which brings sharply to mind what an exceptional country this is, in geographical area as in variety of climate and capacity for production. In Europe, it is customary to hear that crops have run short in France and England, but are offset by excellent yields in Germany and the Balkans, or that Eastern Europe has not produced enough, but that Russia has filled the bag. But the stretch of the United States from East to West and from North to South is not much less than Europe's, and it would require a very remarkable series of misfortunes to spoil all the harvests of the country. Even when the corn crops of 1894 and 1901 ran disastrously short, we had handsome wheat yields; the deficient wheat crop of 1904 was offset by a bumper yield of cotton, and we all know what happened with the South's agricultural staple when the Northern grain yield was cut down last year.

But the country, like Europe as a whole, is also large enough to admit of disaster to a single crop in one part of it, while the same crop in another section will come through the season in better shape than usual, and it is just this possibility that the wheat trade has discovered this present week. The grain trade speculators had concluded that, since the Central Western States had lost half of the wheat which was planted in the autumn, therefore the same thing must have happened to the fertile region beyond the Mississippi. It is now beginning to hear that the trans-Missouri district, up to date, has fared as much better than usual as the section to the east of it had fared worse. We shall have plenty of agricultural vicissitudes between now and harvest time, but we have already had the not unfamiliar lesson read to us that it is not the habit of Nature to kill the country's harvests before the middle of May. That is only the habit of the Chicago Board of Trade.

How far the rapid decline on the Stock Exchange, from the high prices of a few weeks ago, was caused by the agricultural uncertainty, and how far by the very much greater confusion of Presidential politics, is an open question. That sober financial sentiment had been adversely affected by Mr. Roosevelt's radical campaign and by his unexpected victories in the Eastern primaries, could not be doubted. It was not easy to say how dominant an influence this was—first, because the actual bearing of any political situation on investment values is always hard to manage, but also for the reason that no one has been able to foresee the result of the fight for the nomination.

The tendency has lately been to await the Ohio primaries of last Tuesday, with the idea that they should give some definite indication as to the actual trend of things. The earlier votes had caused very mixed emotions. In fact, the community had been so sated and surfeited with the absurd working-out of the Presidential primary experiment—it is much as if the old-time uproar over the "October States" had in those days been repeated six or eight times in advance of the national election—that each new "primary crisis" in another State, each new exchange of epithets on the hustings, each new reference to "what I did" or to the rat in a corner, each new mix-up about the ballots, each new suspicion that voters of one party are helping along the vote at the other party's primaries, and each new subsequent batch of claims and explanations, had begun to pall on the taste. But all experienced observers recognized that Ohio was a different matter, and when the decisive victory of Roosevelt over Taft, in the primaries of the President's own State, became known on Wednesday morning, it was felt that the Roosevelt movement must be faced by the financial community in a somewhat different spirit.

It is likely, therefore to be a study in Stock Exchange psychology, how the market takes the later developments in this remarkable episode. Wall Street is able to change its mind on such matters with entire shamelessness. Its opinion on events is notoriously influenced by smooth and oracular hints from high financial quarters, and when Presidential campaigns are personally underwritten by Wall Street celebrities, it is to be expected that such hints and intimations will not be lacking, any more than they would be if the undertaking were the conversion of a company's share capital into bonds or the listing of its stock in Paris.

Besides, it is usually the preference of high finance to back the winner as soon as it knows who the winner is to be. Just now, it is extremely puzzled over the question; hence, perhaps, its discreet and dignified reticence as to the bearing of politics on the markets. All this will make it interesting to observe what happens to "Wall Street sentiment," in the light of any of the various political possibilities which the next few

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weeks, and next week in particular, may bring to light.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Armitage, E. S. The Early Norman Castles of the British Isles. Dutton. $5 net.
Baum, Julius. Romanesque Architecture in France. Edited, with introduction. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Bazin, René. The Children of Alsace. Lane. $1.30 net.
Blakey, R. J. The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff. Columbia University.
Blythe, S. G. Cutting it Out: How to Get on the Water Wagon; The Fun of Getting Thin. Chicago: Forbes. 35 cents, each.
Borchard, E. M. Guide to the Law and Legal Literature of Germany. Washington: Library of Congress.
Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature: Migration of Birds, by T. A. Coward; Prehistoric Man, by W. L. H. Duckworth; Natural History of Clay, by A. B. Searle; The Modern Locomotive, by C. E. Allen; Earthworms and Their Allies, by F. E. Beddard. Putnam. 40 cents net.
Carlyle's Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. Edited by G. Wherry. Putnam. 45 cents net.
Coats, R. H. Types of English Piety. Scribner.
Collins, J. H. The Great Taxicab Robbery. Lane. 50 cents net.
Cooke, E. V. Baseballogy. Chicago: Forbes. 50 cents.
Davison, J. W. From Mendelssohn to Wagner: Memoirs, compiled by his son. London: W. Reeves.
Dilla, H. M. The Politics of Michigan, 1865-1878. Columbia University.
Ditchfield, P. H. Oxfordshire (Cambridge Geographies). Putnam. 45 cents net.
Du Toit, A. L. Physical Geography for South African Schools. Putnam. $1.40 net.
Fox, C. M. Annals of the Irish Harpers. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hutton, Bettina v. Sharrow. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Lee, Charles. Our Little Town; Paul Carah; The Widow Woman. Dutton. $1.25 net, each.
Lessing's Nathan der Weise. Edited by J. G. Robertson. Putnam. $1.10 net.
Lloyd, Arthur. The Creed of Half Japan. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Mackellar, C. D. Scented Isles and Coral Gardens. Dutton. $5 net.
Mermeix's Chronique de l'an. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Phillpotts, Eden. The Forest on the Hill. Lane. $1.30 net.
Ricci, Corrado. Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy. Dutton.
Roberts, Richard. The Renascence of Faith. Revell. $1.50 net.
Rosner, Karl, Georg Bangs Liebe. (German novels.) Brentano. 25 cents net.
Sando, R. B. Practical Poultry-Keeping. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Sims, N. L. A Hoosier Vilage. Columbia University.
Sleeman, J. H. Cæsar, in Britain and Belgium: Simplified Text, with notes. Putnam. 45 cents net.
Thompson, John. A First-Year Latin Book. Putnam. 50 cents net.
Tovote, Heinz. Frau Agna; Mutter! (German novels.) Brentano. 25 cents net. each.
Ungoed, G. T. A First German Book on the Direct Method. Putnam. 80 cents net.
Wheeler, A. S. Profitable Breeds of Poultry. Outing Pub. Co. 70 cents.
Wildenbruch's Die Rabensteinerin. Edited, with notes, by R. C. Ford. Heath. 35 cents.
Wilson, C. D. Working One's Way Through College. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Wright, M. T. The Charioteers. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Yiddish Tales. Translated by Helena Frank. Philadelphia: Jewish Pub. Society of America.

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Ten Cents a line net for thirteen times
(minimum space three lines)

Orders may be forwarded through any responsible advertising agency, or directly to
THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, N. Y.

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